The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1664 DEC. 12, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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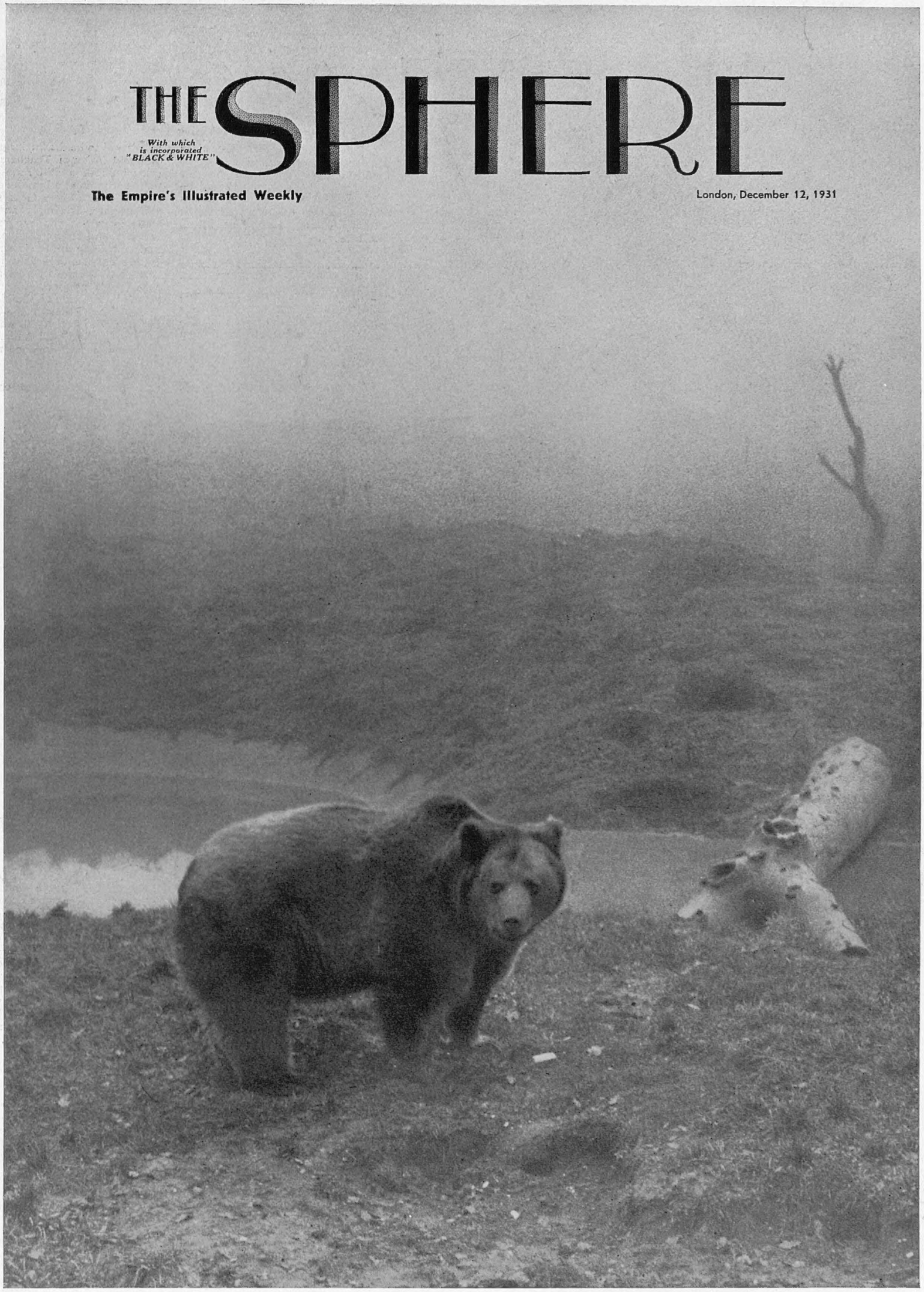
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 12, 1931



WINTER COMES TO WHIPSNADE

A Bear in the Open-air Zoo, Regarding the Fog, Prepares to Hibernate

Of all the 2,000 animals in the Whipsnade Zoo, only five have been removed to London—two pigmy hippopotami, a pair of crested screamers and a secretary bird. All the rest are making do with warm shelters and the natural conformation of the ground and vegetation. Wombats, for example, tunnel in the chalk, as do prairie marmots and woodchucks. Bears may hibernate—although captivity militates against this normal ursine habit—and llamas and deer are making no special arrangements. Ostriches and zebras are being accommodated in warm shelters, and flamingoes—perhaps the stupidest of birds—will be prevented from entering their pond. The great winter construction work is concerned with a new car park capable of holding 5,000 motors

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

A HUNTSMAN OF TO-MORROW: Master Arthur Robert Freeman, the five-year-old son of Will Freeman, the huntsman to the Eridge, whose country runs south of Tunbridge Wells, has already shown signs that he is a chip of the old block. He regularly accompanies the hunt and is already practised in handling hounds. Lord Hillingdon, M.F.H. (of the Grafton), is his godfather

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 9, 1931.

FULL DRESS ON INDIA.—

The debate on India was expected to be and proved the first "full-dress" debate of importance since the early days of the last Labour Government—a most welcome return to Westminster of grace, dignity, the art of oratory, the science of debate, and the interest which those things evoke. Those of us who listened were curiously struck by the rarity of the event in Parliament. We are far too much accustomed to regard Parliament nowadays as a strident and rusty machine which jerkily discharges manufactured Acts of Parliament with a damnable regularity at stated intervals. But the debate on India brought back the days when "the applause of listening Senates to command" was a thrill which drew to Westminster scholars, rich landowners, fox-hunting squires, lawyers, adventurers. . . . The absence of any serious Opposition was more than compensated for by the strength and divergence of the views held and expressed by avowed supporters of the National Government. The Speaker's task was one of real difficulty, the wealth of talent at his disposal was embarrassing. Mr. Churchill at his (prepared) best is inimitable and, more than that, can sway opinion by the force of logic and oratory. His speech and Sir John Simon's answer to it put the first day of the debate in the shade, although throughout the level was extraordinarily high for these drab days. For once in a way the shades of Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, haunting the precincts, showed no marked signs of contempt. If Pitt's nose still turned up, it could not help it. These are great days for ambitious young politicians. The Committee system will continue to advance India's evolution, and there will be chances for all to win fresh laurels not only at Westminster but in India itself.

The early stages of the Debate made clear that the Government's Indian policy henceforth does not embrace Dominion Status for India as defined by the brand-new Imperial Constitution called the Statute of Westminster. India, Mr. MacDonald feels sure (and England inclines to the view that he is right), does not want it, and still less wants complete severance from the Empire. Even if the Congress Party remains at present pledged to it, it is unthinkable that after the light shed at the Round Table Conference on the dangers and difficulties of a too-rapid evolution for India, the bulk of that party privately endorse that policy. Dominion Status and independence are relegated at last to their proper place, the counter-box for the game of hot-head intrigue. This debate proved and crowned the oblique success of the Round Table Conference. All over India and by many diverse factions it has come to be recognized beyond further question that the British Government means business and intends now to push India forward in spite of herself towards her political destiny of self-government. The Indian mind has been revealed by the Conference in its complexity, its hesitancy, its mingled diffidence and pride. If its communities cannot settle their differences, England, rather than give another handle to feather-brained extremists, will settle them herself. In a sense, we have called India's bluff. She shouted for the command of Nikeas, and she must try what she can make of it, assured by a now clearly defined and accepted list of safeguards and reservations, of the close support, the encouragement, and the experienced counsel of the mother country. Indeed, that was the whole gist of Mr. Churchill's great speech. He asked only that the clear definitions of the vital safeguards and reservations given in Sir Samuel Hoare's speech should be attached as a supplementary document to the White Paper which rather skated over that brittle icefield.

BUY BRITISH — THE SNAGS.—

Following my recent reference in THE SPHERE to this national movement, and the difficulty of easily recognizing foreign goods, I have received a letter from a barrister of standing, Mr. Jacques Abady, in which he says:

> You referred in your paragraph, "Buy British," to a very real difficulty. It is a matter to which I have given much thought, because from my experience (as counsel) in promoting applications for marking orders under the Act of 1926, it is apparent that the scope of such orders is very limited indeed. I have tried to penetrate the official hide without success, and as you are the first writer who has put his finger on the real difficulty, I venture to intrude upon you.

Encouraged by these words, I wrote to Mr. Abady and asked him to give me the gist of the difficulties and how they could be remedied in a few of his own words. The subject to-day is one of burning importance. He has responded to my request as follows:

> The public are urged, by the slogan "Buy British," to remedy our adverse trade balance. They do not know, however (and tariffs won't affect this), whether goods advertised or offered are foreign or made of foreign materials which we could produce. True that certain "marking orders" under the Merchandise Marks Acts compel some foreign goods to be so marked, but these don't apply to all goods, nor, except to a limited extent, to advertisements.
>
> For instance, foreign furniture must be marked. Yet, a bedroom suite, made perhaps in Belgium, can be advertised as a "beautiful bedroom suite" without mention that it is foreign. Or, three costumes are advertised and illustrated: one made in England of Yorkshire cloth, one in England of German cloth, and one in France of French cloth. The advertisement need not and does not always say which is British, partly British, or wholly foreign.
>
> If a person's desire for a particular thing is aroused, it is difficult to assume that patriotism will, at the moment of purchase, kill that desire. Moreover, if the advertised goods are ordered by post, the purchaser has no legal right to return them on discovering (if they are goods subject to a "marking order") that they are foreign.
>
> Though there are some obvious "snags" there is no difficulty in framing a short Act compelling notice of foreign origin to be given prominently when foreign goods, or goods made of foreign materials, are sold, offered, or advertised. This would remedy the situation I have tried in a few words to draw attention to.

Mr. Abady, by the way, himself cites instances from THE SPHERE of advertisers drawing attention to the foreign origin of advertised goods without obligation to do so.

THE SWORD UNSHEATHED? —

The Government's decision to restore recognition to the National Cadet Association will be received by a small minority of the nation with feelings of disappointment. That minority will be the smaller because the act of restoration will entail no Treasury commitment. The minority is believed to be drawn largely from the National Union of Teachers, whom the great bulk of a still sane and robust nation regards as a handful of cranks off their N.U.T. Party Government, they will declare, is simply an internecine strife in which the progress of sane ideals is rendered impossible. If Labour makes a step in the right direction, Junker Toryism obliterates it at the first moment. We are all mad according to somebody's opinion. Myself, I range myself on the side of the big battalions of lunatics. I thought the Cadet Force decision of March, 1930, was cowardly, puerile, illogical, and futile. It did not appear to me to advance the cause of morality, education, and world peace by one inch. It seemed rather a narrow and tyrannical gesture calculated to filch from post-war youth in its hour of need a grand opportunity of acquiring keenness, *esprit de corps*, and, above all, discipline. And that was the view of sane men like Lord Allenby. This country will always have its quota of cranks who would melt down lead soldiers, burn wooden swords, and abolish the game of "flags."

I support and pray for the success of the League of Nations, but I do not believe its chances will be jeopardized if some of our schoolboys acquire, at the flabby and anxious period of adolescence, some of those qualities which go to the making of a British officer. I am indeed thankful to learn from many informed sources that to-day our tiny army is equipped and trained to a far higher state of perfection than that of any other nation, and that, spurred to proficiency by the advertised number of the French air squadrons, our own Air Force, in equipment and scientific and flying experience, is in a position to make rings round paper forces thrice its number. The truth is that no one will come to our Bargain Counters unless we have solid goods to exchange, and that is equally true of our peace counter as it is true of our tariffs or trade counter.

THE BEST PEOPLE. —

A recent action in our Courts, during which the immortal Charlie Chaplin learned for the first time that British justice is no respecter of persons, threw a clear light on the eternal comedy of social snobbery. The more democratic grow the institutions of civilization, the more flagrantly does snobbery flourish. Snobbery in this country has ceased to be what Thackeray pilloried—the pursuit of titles. The inner ring of (so-called) London Society hitches its wagon now to "stars," film stars, tennis stars, golf stars, flying stars. It must do the Los Angeles pilgrimage every other year, and must be photographed periodically in the company of Charlie, Doug, and the last new constellation. It must partner at golf or tennis Jurado or Borotra. What *quid pro quo* it offers for these blessings we do not ask. But we always imagined that the stars regarded these afflictions, these inflictions of smart Londoners, as part of the burden of fame and success. We imagined they sent out reluctantly the anxiously sought luncheon invitation and murmured "Noblesse oblige." Not a bit of it. It seems they take British Society even more seriously than the Inner Ring takes the stars. When they come to London they do not disdain to adopt the crudest expedients to ensure that they are noticed in the company of everybody-who-is-somebody. Their main difficulty is not the cost of this luxury. They have money to burn. The difficulty is to discover Anybody who can distinguish Everybody who is Somebody.

JUDGES' SALARIES.—

I find it hard to sympathise at this juncture with any organized move to call attention to the inadequacy of Judges' remuneration. And chiefly for the reason that we are working hard to-day to kill a "damnable heresy," born in Victorian days, that the size of a man's income (above the comfort and independence mark)

sletter

settles the measure of his dignity and incorruptibility. Taxed to the full, £5,000 a year is sufficient to-day to ensure to the highest official in the land a life of dignified and cultured independence. And here are some minor arguments for my view. A vast part of the judicial functions of the State are carried out without remuneration. The magistrature is an office of signal honour. A Judge of the High Court is usually a man who has earned big fees and has been able prudently to put by. (Lord Darling is a very rare example of a barrister raised to the Bench from a trifling practice.) A judge who receives £5,000 a year gross is not bound by the retiring age of the Civil Service, and after retirement may enjoy a pension of £3,500 a year till his 100th year. The heads of the Civil Service are half as well remunerated as the judges in activity and a third as well in retirement. The main contention that judges are underpaid arises from an absurd anomaly—the size of the fees earned by the Attorney- and Solicitor-General. Because these officials even now are grossly over remunerated, why should the anomaly spread to the Bench ?

A MEMORY OF DOCTOR MAC.—Ex-Servicemen never had a stronger friend than Dr. Macnamara—none ever showed a warmer, more sentimental heart than he. I was often in contact with him when he was Minister of Labour, and it was extremely difficult to persuade him that any refusal of grant or aid could in any circumstance be justified. And he recognized the value of letting ex-Service men know that they had a friend in the Minister. His room in Montagu House opened on to a Central Hall where there was usually in waiting an ex-Service deputation with a grievance to air. I was summoned once to his room to explain a refusal of grant in a patently undeserving case. The inevitable deputation was waiting outside. Having listened to my explanation, Dr. Mac rose and threw open his door and then, returning to his desk, roared out: "While I am Minister I will fight for the rights of every man who gave his services to his country. I will have no cheeseparing, no cutting down, no refusal of aid. Do you understand me?" I perfectly understood him, and shortly afterwards returned to my own place with his sprawling initials confirming the refusal of aid in that undeserving case.

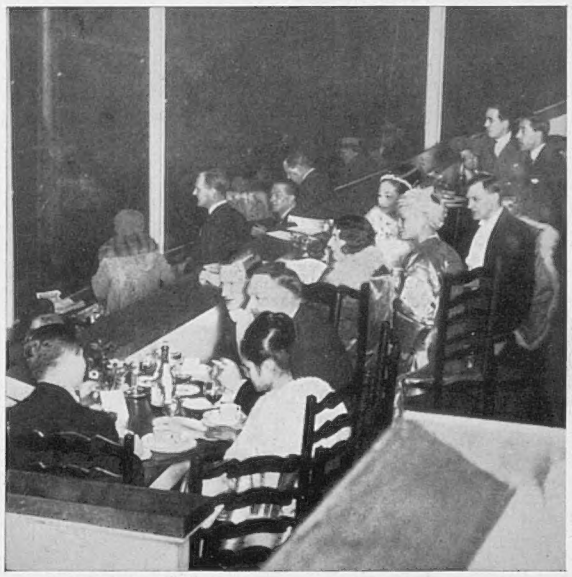
THE WEDGE.—The danger of the National Government's huge majority melting away in a night ought not yet awhile to rise as a spectre over the land, and yet it is apparent what a heavy strain on the political consciences of many of the Government's supporters the first trial balloons of protection are making. Some of Sir John Gilmour's early efforts to relieve the plight of farmers and horticulturists clearly strained the Liberals on broad principles rather than on individual expediency, and it is already manifest (what many of us have never doubted) that an out and out policy of whole hog protection would never command a majority in any House under any circumstances to-day. The nation has not yet, and perhaps never will, shed its free trade traditions, and every move towards tariffs will be regarded, and must be announced, as one more painfully thought-out and temporary expedient in an hour of grave crisis. Mr. Runciman and Sir John Gilmour have before them the task of driving to market (?) the awkwardest herds of violently opposed interests and diverse problems, and their most anxiously thought out solutions are unhappily doomed to make them enemies in the House and in the country.

THE OLD STAGER.

EMPLOYEES' INCOME-TAX
Important Concession by the Board

Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., the proprietors of THE SPHERE and its associated journals, have just announced a very generous and valuable concession to their employees. Desiring at once to assist in the balancing of the National Budget, to promote reasonable spending during the Christmas trade period, and to relieve the anxiety many employees would feel, the Company has announced its willingness to advance, to all those members of the staff earning £1,000 or less *per annum*, the money necessary to meet the payment of the three-quarter instalment on January 1 next. Repayment to the Company will be spread over a period of six months.

GANDHI GOES HOME: The Mahatma, who visited England for the most futile of Round Table Conferences on record, returns home from Folkestone with a typical utterance on his lips: that, if ever he fought Britain, it would be out of love. He is bound *via* Villeneuve. Gandhi, who received a tumultuous, if not a unanimously enthusiastic welcome on his arrival, was accorded but a lukewarm send-off—proof, were it needed, of the decrease in interest his visit has occasioned. Apart from desiring that the British Raj should clear out of India lock, stock, and barrel, the alternately shrewd and nonsensical mystic suggested that British arms should take their orders from him and his associates—further than which fatuity could not go

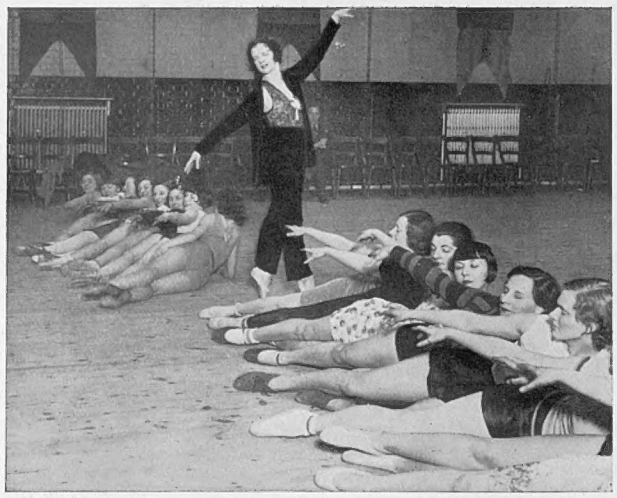


THE EAST WATCHES A WESTERN SPORT: A party of distinguished visitors from Burma, whose Round Table Conference is in full swing, paid a visit a few evenings ago to the White City, where they watched "greycing" with great enjoyment, dining in the restaurant to do so

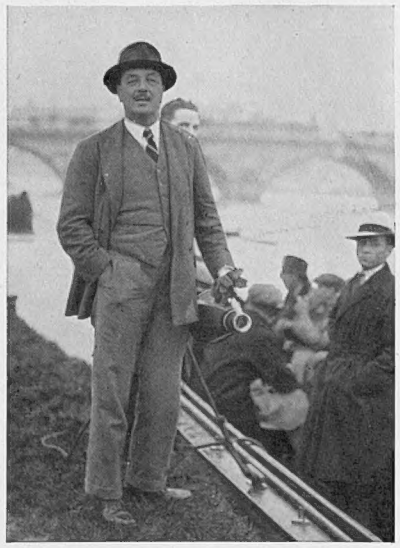
THE KING'S FRIEND: Admiral Sir Henry Campbell (right), a school friend of the King and later a shipmate in the navy, chats to Lord Leigh (centre), and Brigadier-General Frederick Hacket-Thompson during "Church Parade" in Hyde Park on Sunday morning

SHOOTING FOXES: Many of the local poultry keepers in and around Heathfield and Waldron have suffered considerable loss through the depredations of foxes which have recently become so acute that drastic action has perforce been taken. Most of the district—in Sussex—is so heavily wooded as to preclude the possibility of hunting, with the result that Reynard flourishes unchecked. The decision to organize gun hunts has therefore been made, and the first party to give effect to the determination is here seen setting out

ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Miss Harriet Hoctor, the U.S. dancer of Ziegfeld fame, has just arrived in Britain. She has already started rehearsing with the British chorus of *Bow Bells*, soon to be seen at the London Hippodrome, starring Mr. Nelson Keys



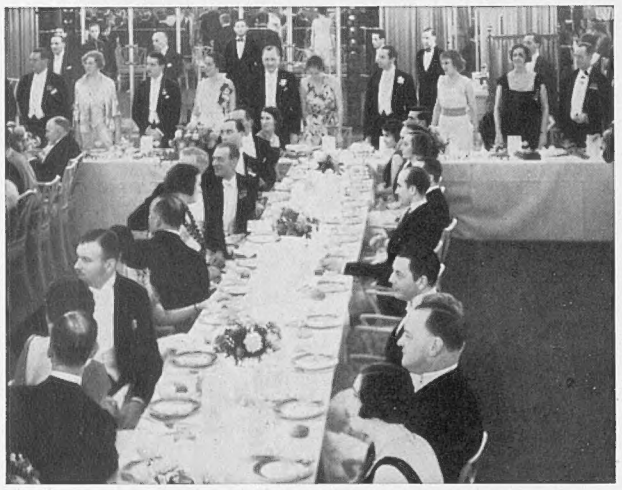
CAMBRIDGE COACHES OXFORD! Col. J. H. Gibbon, who has been called in by Oxford University in an endeavour to break the long run of Cantab successes in the Boatrace. Col. Gibbon has coached Cambridge

A GREAT CHOIR RECORDED: The Pontypridd Male Voice Choir, winners of the National Crystal Palace contest, are here seen making a talking film outside the Great Western Colliery, Pontypridd. They were conducted by Mr. Jones. Their singing rivals that of the Cossack choirs

GUTTED: A motor-coach crossing Blackfriars Bridge suddenly burst into flames, and within a few minutes was reduced to a total wreck. The coach knocked down a lamp-post and created a huge flare. Firemen are seen at work extinguishing both blazes

TARIFF TALKS: M. Paul Hymans (in bowler) greeted on his arrival in London for Anglo-Belgian trade discussions by the Belgian Ambassador (*left*). M. Hymans is the Foreign Minister

OXFORD AT HENLEY: Boatrace practice is in full swing already and Oxford's A and B crews have been engaged in trials. Special efforts are being made this year to break Cambridge's run of success—for the Dark Blues have not won for eight years



THE CONGRATULATORY DINNER held at the Dorchester Hotel to Miss Peggy Salaman in honour of her record-breaking flight. The Duke of Sutherland was unable to take the chair. His place was filled by Kathleen Countess of Drogheda. Col. and Mrs. Shelmerdene were also present

"FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION": A variety of objects, aggregating ninety lots, have been sent to Christie's to be sold to assist in balancing the Budget. The articles were sent to the Treasury

A FARM MOVED BY TRAIN: An entire farm has just been moved 280 miles—from Ingleton, Yorks, to Liphook, Hants. A special train carried farm implements, furniture, cattle, and carts. The journey took from mid-day until 8 a.m. on the following day. The vendor and purchaser are seen shaking hands

THE CURB CHRISTMAS MARKET: Children and adults alike stop to regard the mechanical toys that are sold by hawkers lining the pavement at this season. The greatest haunt of these pedlars is the north side of Holborn, just above the Circus. The ingenuity of the toys is remarkable

A STATUE REMOVED: New enlargements of the Underground have caused the famous statue of Lord Strathnairn in Knightsbridge to be removed for at least a year

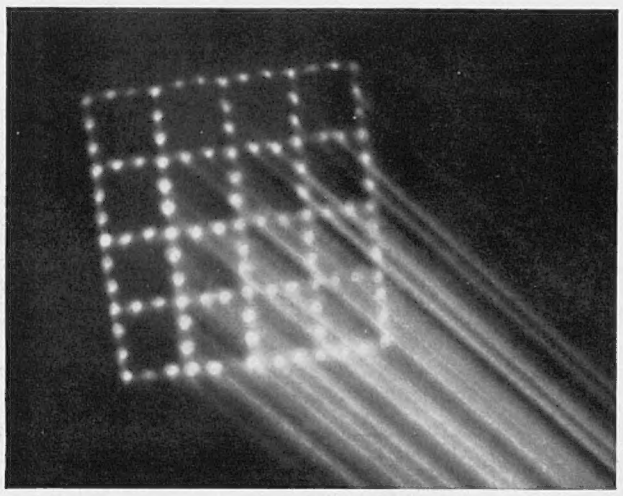
CHRISTMAS IN THE EAST END: The great crowds in Petticoat Lane. Christmas exerts an enormous appeal among even the non-Christian throng—the great majority in the Petticoat Lane area are Jews. It is an education in racial psychology to watch the crowds that forgather in the district

HINKLER'S TRIUMPH

And Other Facets of Britain's Air Life

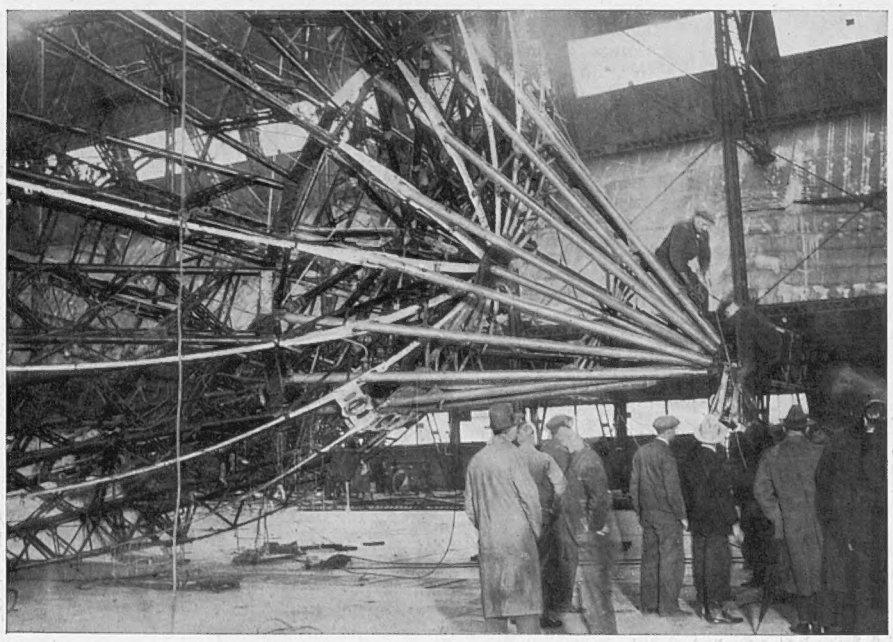
THE ACE OF THE AIR: Mr. Bert Hinkler, who has just flown from Brazil to West Africa—a feat which rivals that of Lindbergh—in a light aeroplane, welcomed on his arrival at Hanworth by Sir A. Whitten Brown, who, with the late Sir John Alcock, first flew the Atlantic

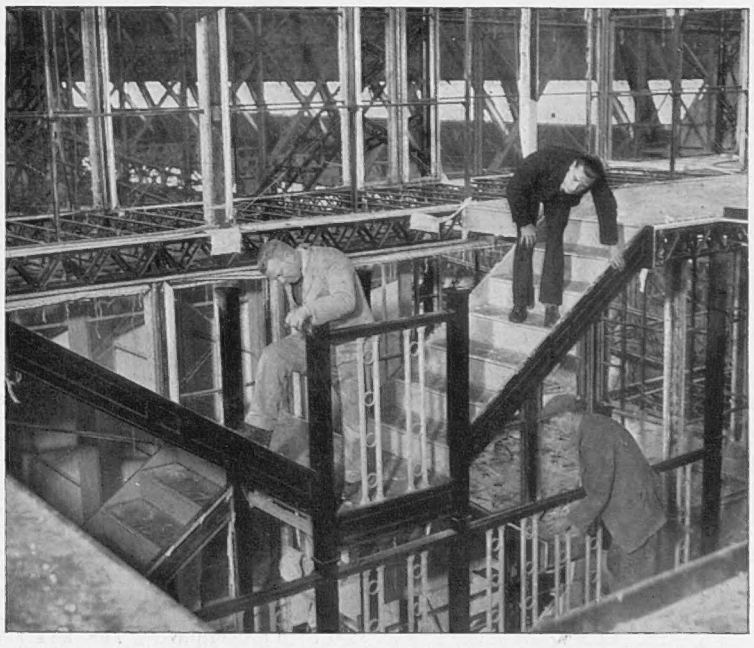
THE MAN AND THE MACHINE: Mr. Bert Hinkler, during his brief halt at Le Bourget, shows his 'plane to Captain Saint-Esteban, representing the French Air Ministry. Following his solo flight to Australia—a record that has several times been lowered since—Mr. Hinkler has now flown the South Atlantic from West to East—a pioneer flight in a light 'plane. His first request on arrival was for a glass of milk! Much of his flying was by night, and during this ordeal Hinkler encountered a storm which lasted for 6½ hours



ANTI-AIRCRAFT: A remarkable new searchlight called the Savage projector. The beam, although composed of parallel light rays, has a spread of 28 degrees, enabling an enemy machine to be picked up and its direction to be calculated. Once in the grid's radius, no 'plane can escape

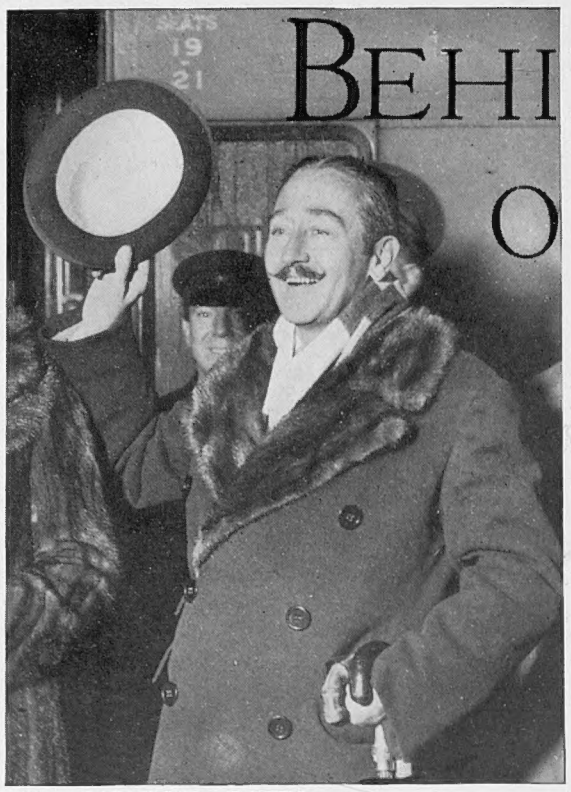
AN AMPHIBIAN GLIDER: The first demonstration of the two-seater motorless flying-boat was carried out a few days ago on the Welsh Harp, Hendon. The tests were performed by Mr. C. H. Lowe-Wylde, the holder of the first glider licence issued in Britain. A speed-boat is the means employed to launch the glider into the air. Land gliders, of course, are given their initial impetus by coasting down a steep hill. The glider, seen above on the water before its start, gave a definitely favourable impression of its capacity





THE LAST OF *R 100*: The work of dismantling the sister-ship to the ill-fated *R 101* is being carried out at Cardington. She has been sold as scrap iron for a sum hitherto undivulged—thus terminating, for a time at least, Britain's dream of establishing transoceanic travel by airship. This ship, which cost approximately £1,000,000, was built by the Burney Construction Company, and succeeded in flying across the Atlantic and back with fair success, but it is considered that she was not commercially a sound proposition. Until some arrangement is made with the U.S.A. for a supply of helium gas, airships are, for Britain, outside safe or profitable consideration

MR. MENJOU ARRIVES: *The distinguished sartorial star of the screen in an unusual mixture of town and country kit, with Miss Kathryn Carver (in private life Mrs. Menjou), has just come to Britain to star at £1,000 a week in a British film*



MR. MENJOU BOWS: *The inimitable Adolphe with both stick and umbrella on his fur-coated arm greets London at Waterloo. Mr. Menjou enjoys publicity*

BEHIND TH OF BAL

The "Big Parade" Hero Worship by the minated in the Recent

By GORDON

Few phases of English life during the past decade have made this proud nation look so thoroughly ridiculous as that which has culminated in the recent martyrdom of Mr. Charles Chaplin. And all the abuse subsequently unloaded upon the publicity-seeking methods of American film players tends to be less of an indictment of these often charming visitors than it is of our own sweet selves.

The writer of this article is adequately fitted to lift the curtain on the great Hollywood trek to England during the past ten years, for he has been personally responsible for securing scores of columns of free advertising matter for the stars of the silver screen. Yet he is not what is known as a "publicity agent." Quite the reverse. He is a newspaper reporter, and his own impression of American-paid publicity agents is that they have seldom begged him to write pretty stories about their human wares. Again, quite the reverse. Their principal task has usually been to dragoon the besieging reporters, photographers and gossip writers into orderly queues outside the drawing-rooms of the suites engaged for the visiting star of the moment.

To drop the modesty of the third person, I have professionally observed most of the visiting cinema stars; the stupid ones, the witty ones and, mostly the insipid ones, since the historic year of 1920 when Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Charles Chaplin set foot in post-War England.

It was the former sociable couple who first revealed for us the change that was taking place in the structure of English society. For, although the great middle class of the country remained but mildly amused at Mr. Fairbanks' gymnastics outside the window of his Piccadilly hotel, it was the people at the opposite ends of the social edifice who developed wild hero-worship.

After pushing their way through an adoring crowd of factory girls and typists, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks would hurry along to a luncheon party given in their honour by a peeress who would scarcely wish to be seen dead at the same table with an ordinary English actor and actress. Few people were more surprised at the Debrett-like nature of the reception accorded them than "Doug." and "Mary" themselves. Nor has the social aura of that triumphant visit been allowed to dim, for their Beverley Hills home remains to Hollywood what Devonshire House was once to London.

Yet both were eminently pleasant and simple folk. On the morning after their arrival Mary Pickford told me that she was very disappointed with the appearance of Piccadilly. "I thought that it would be terribly grand and tall" she confessed naïvely, "but it's just a little village street!" She also volunteered the rather more discerning observation that London was "a sort of changeless city. I feel I could come back here any old time and it would be just the same." But, alas, they had torn down the whole of Regent Street before she came back again!

It was about this date that I had my first converse with one of the Tsars of American film-land. He must be nameless, for to say of a man that he is an illiterate creature might be slightly libellous. He told the two or three reporters interviewing him that he was going to Ireland on the morrow. "Which route are you going by?" asked one of the reporters, an inquisitive Irishman.

"Just the road route, I'm motoring right through to Dublin," was the somewhat astonishing reply.

And it was also about this time that Miss Pearl White, the "Serial Queen," made her spectacular descent upon London one hot August afternoon. The lesson that all visits should be made under conditions of professed modesty had failed to sink into the brains of Miss White's impresarios. I found myself at Victoria sitting, in company with half a-dozen delighted colleagues, in a Pullman carriage drawn by a special engine, and bound for Dover.

On the outside of the windows were pasted red streamers labelled "Pearl White Special." We got to Dover quite safely, with about fourteen magnums of champagne in hand and awaited the cross-Channel steamer's arrival. To the considerable annoyance—rudely voiced—of the ordinary passengers Miss White was permitted to disembark first, and graciously received by several anonymous dignitaries on the quay.

Miss White, who was somewhat of a screen veteran even at that time, told me that she had one passion in life: astronomy. "Have you ever looked at the stars?" she asked me. "They are a wonderful, wonderful study."

A colleague on another newspaper was informed that her passion was riding: an exclusive—and different—story for each one of us, in fact.

It is only necessary to add that Miss White got very cruelly treated in the next morning's papers, thus proving that the maximum amount of useful publicity can best be achieved by the minimum amount of effort on the part of visiting stars.

I had another facet of this truth demonstrated to me about five years ago when I was coming back from New York to London. On the first day out I met an actor friend of mine who introduced me to his travelling companion, a Mr. Ronald Colman. The name was vaguely familiar, and Mr. Colman's occasional appearances on deck seemed to excite the interest of many of the adolescents on board. On the third day I was invited to become a table-companion of Mr. Colman; and he seemed a nice, quiet sort of chap, occupying a modest stateroom and burdened with no very profound views on life.

We travelled up from Southampton to Waterloo, where about two hundred ecstatic young ladies nearly swept Mr. Colman off his feet. I never saw him again, for when I opened my papers next morning I discovered that Mr. Colman was a man of the greatest fame and distinction. It had never occurred to me to write a single word about him; nor have I, until now. Which only goes to show that no reporter writes pæans of his own free will in praise of film stars. . . .

It was some time before this—in the autumn of 1925—that the late Mr. Rudolph Valentino paid his visit to London. He seemed to me rather a stupid sort of fellow with a handsome face, and I failed to detect any of those remarkable qualities with which he has been endowed by his posthumous band of admirers. I remember him saying that he thought London a very interesting city, and he hoped to see as much of it as he could.

It was at about this date that Hollywood began to exploit the "visit to England" stunt as a sort of tonic for falling stars. They used to come over and get music-hall engagements, usually highly embarrassing affairs, during which they would step down to the footlights and tell their "dear public" all about their fame. I think that there was hardly a star in Hollywood who did not pay us a visit.

A lot of them—rather like Miss Gloria Swanson the other day—would arrive on a Monday at Southampton in time for the Monday night showing of their new pictures; burst into lyric ecstasy over our English hedges, our English policeman, and our general loveliness; and then catch the Tuesday "eleven o'clock" for Paris, where they would proceed really to enjoy themselves.

Mr. Adolphe Menjou, who is now with us, paid London the compliment of spending the greater part of his honeymoon here; and the greater part of his time, he admitted, in the neighbourhood of Savile Row. The most surprising thing about Mr. Menjou—this was in the days of the silent screen—was his rather high-pitched American accent, which did not go well with the Parisian sophistication of his face. We have all forgotten to be astonished at such contrasts by now.

The record for short visits to London is undoubtedly held by Miss Marlene Dietriech, but why she should have strained herself to be done with us so quickly I cannot imagine. She crossed from the Hook on the night boat and reached Liverpool Street coincident with the arrival of the usual City-worker trains. This provided a strikingly impressive background for a picture which appeared in all three evening papers labelled "Thousands Greet Garbo's Rival."

At eleven o'clock, dressed and painted like an Arabian princess, Miss Dietriech drifted into a salon at the Carlton which was filled—by one of those unhappy coincidences—with a crowd of the shabbiest-dressed reporters I have ever set eyes on. Worse than that, not one of them seemed to have anything to ask her. But there seemed to be a universal expression of opinion that she was certainly a second Greta Garbo—which is a silly notion, for few women seem to be less alike.

The late Lya de Putti—the Hungarian star who died tragically the other day—won social London to her side by a strange gastronomic feat. She used to chew, and then apparently swallow champagne glasses. So when I read that the cause of her death in New York was said to be the swallowing of a packet of pins I was suitably cynical. Mlle de Putti was, with Mary Pickford, one of the smallest cinema stars who has ever visited us, being slightly less than 5 ft. in height.

Other stars who came to visit and stopped to play in London included Miss Anna May Wong—the Chinese girl from San Francisco—and Miss Dorothy Gish. This latter young lady was the central figure, or victim, of a strange piece of advertising, when the orchestra and oddly-dressed attendants of a big cinema paraded boldly through the West End to Charing Cross Hospital where a "Dorothy Gish" bed was ceremoniously endowed. One felt that they did these things better in the land of Ballyhoo itself.

The shyest of all stars that I remember to have met was Mr. Charles Farrell, the handsome but gawky

E SCENES LYHOO

of Film Stars whose British Public has Cul- Charlie Chaplin Case

BECKLES

HOLIDAY GREETING: *Miss Janet Gaynor waves to the shore from the deck of the* Olympic. *She is very averse to undue publicity*

companion of Miss Janet Gaynor in so many sob pictures. A select luncheon party was given in his honour at which I sat next to another critic gifted with great fluency of repartee. But Mr. Farrell floored even this nimble-witted journalist when, during the fish course, he suddenly looked up, felt he had to add something to the conversation, and flung at us the bright remark, "Huh, boys! How're making out?"

Neither of us could think of anything adequate to say in reply.

One of the most notorious purloiners of publicity, who finds English newspapers only too anxious to welcome his constant depredations, is the celebrated Mr. Sam Goldwyn.

Mr. Goldwyn's method of approach is concerned with the statement, "*I think that your English girls are wonderful; I am over here to take some of them back with me.*" This is always given a great, big hand: in Mr. Goldwyn's own terse language, "It sure goes over big."

The only fault lies in the fact that Mr. Goldwyn never takes any English girls back with him. The principal addition to his New York-bound luggage is usually just a fat volume of press cuttings. Yet Mr. Goldwyn is good "copy." He always has some jolly little secret to reveal, often about one of his rival's plans. The journalists like Mr. Goldwyn and respect him for what he is worth—which is about half a column—with a picture at the top of Miss Dorothy Mackaill (the only English girl to achieve first-flight fame on the American screen).

And now we come to the epoch-making visit of Mr. Charles Chaplin, when I will endeavour to show to what extraordinary lengths the popular newspapers went in order to obtain for him that publicity which some of these same newspapers are now so roundly condemning him for having accepted.

About twenty of the crack Fleet Street reporters set off from Paddington one afternoon for the arduous task of observing Mr. Chaplin set foot on his native soil at Plymouth. Zero hour was about five o'clock next morning, when we found ourselves shivering on the deck of a tender, the February dawn still absent from the eastern sky. We picked up the *Mauretania* an hour later, and swarmed on board in that aggressive way common to all journalists who have been turned out of their beds at a ridiculous hour in order to perform a slightly ridiculous task.

The famous comedian was put through the third-degree in the saloon of the waiting tender. He was at his suave and charming best; a delightful subject.

Once on shore he was carefully locked in a saloon at the rear of the boat-train; whereupon he went fast asleep. He was confidential enough to tell me, however, that he dreaded the first night ordeal of his film, *City Lights*.

"I have seen it so many times," he added. "But, of course, a silent film is at a discount now; it wants all the publicity it can get."

I said good-bye to Mr. Chaplin as we reached Paddington Station; whereupon he was borne along on the shoulders of a great mob to a taxi and whisked off to his hotel. There, in a large salon, sat nearly a hundred assorted newspaper men.

So great was the anxiety to give the famous little man publicity that the doors had to be locked; and amongst those locked out were the editor and managing director of a newspaper which has been in the van in attacking the comedian!

When they showed Mr. Chaplin the list of famous people who had bought seats for the *première* of his film he recognized many people who had been his guests in Hollywood—celebrities of the calibre of Mr. Winston Churchill.

So he decided to give a supper party to these friends. Only one journalist was invited, although a score tried to secure invitations, and one "gate-crashed." I am proud to say that no critic of my acquaintance was amongst those who stampeded the privacy of this supper party. . . .

There were three publicity agents connected with Mr. Chaplin's visit; one of them was employed by the film company handling his pictures and the other two by the theatre presenting *City Lights*. None of this trio had access to the inner sanctum, which was guarded by an American secretary called Carlyle Robinson, and a Japanese valet, Kono, who was as silent as the grave on the subject of everything save that he had been seasick crossing the Atlantic.

Every morning, when Mr. Chaplin would issue to take the air, there was a waiting group of admirers, not film fans, but gossip-writers and press photographers. Not even a mild brusqueness on the part of the star could daunt the eagle-eyed penmen.

I should say that the actual net editorial cost of his month's visits — in salaries, travelling fares, and so on — cannot have cost the daily newspapers less than £500; *for which modest sum at least £50,000 worth of advertising space was obtained for the comedian.*

Six weeks later, when Mr. Chaplin was living alone in a big hotel on the Riviera with the mute Mr. Kono as his only companion, one newspaper sent a reporter down to see the star. So anxious was "Charlie" not to obtain one more penny of publicity, that the newspaper man had to forsake his dignity and chase the comedian in a high-powered car, and generally behave like a "Keystone cop" in order to hold converse with his quarry.

I have seriously tried—with the assistance of an advertising expert—to estimate the space which the English daily newspapers place each year at the disposal of Hollywood, and it appeared to exceed the sum of £1,000,000!

And yet they have fixed the blame on the one man of the whole constellation of stars who is personally indifferent to publicity.

When Mary Pickford stepped off the *Europa* tender at Southampton this summer, while "Doug." was being roundly beaten at Westward Ho!, the event was treated in a manner reminiscent of a regal visit. Cars chased the sad-faced little Mrs. Fairbanks across the face of England in order to be in at the Big Clasp, when "Doug" would meet his wife.

Jackey Coogan, with his parents holding the cheque book; Jeannette MacDonald with her "*Oh, I think it's all just too wonderful,*" and ridiculous, fake story of royal romance; Pola Negri playing with passion for the sake of the gossip-writers; Maurice Chevalier growing more surly as the temperature of inane adoration began to rise in his favour; Norma Shearer, so much fatter than the screen makes her look. . . .

Oh, dear! When will it all stop? Are these the only heroes worthy of worship?

The game of fooling the public that all these folk are witty and beautiful is tiring even the tired-eyed men who do the fooling. Perhaps even Hollywood, with the fame achieved *à la Barrie* by the monastic Greto Garbo, will call a halt. It is worthy of note that Miss Janet Gaynor stepped into England this week with a minimum of *réclame*; may she enjoy her English holiday!

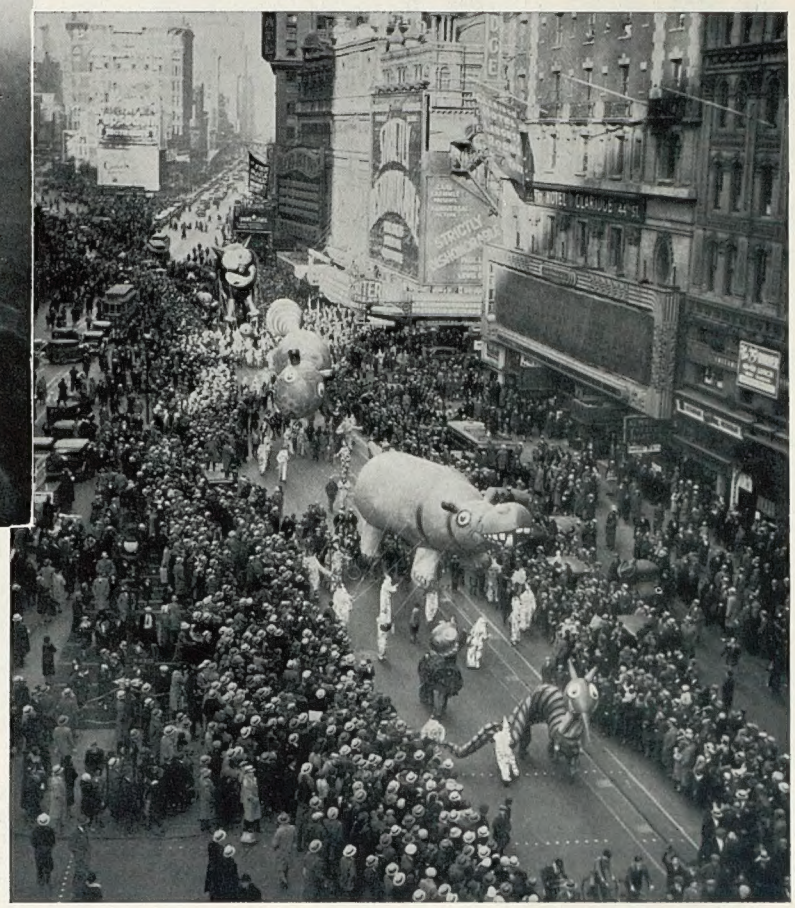
THE MINIMUM OF *RÉCLAME*: *Miss Janet Gaynor pays her first visit to this shore, so hospitable to film stars; she was accompanied by her husband and her mother and is here seen with the former*

SURFEIT OF PUBLICITY: *Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Mary Pickford snatch a few moments' repose after their fantastic welcome in London—the pioneer of such welcome—in 1920*

LATE NEWS of the WHOLE WORLD

Pictures Culled from Three Capitals

CHOOSING "MISS PARIS 1932": Two of the last six contestants for the French beauty crown, the final round of which was held in the Empire Music Hall, Paris. The winner was Mlle Elaine Jourde, a student of nineteen years of age. Scenes of great enthusiasm marked the keenly contested voting



NOT THE RIVIERA BUT BROADWAY: The Christmas parade held by R. H. Macy and Co., one of the great general stores of New York. Lollipops were scattered to the dense crowds of spectators. The animals were made of rubber and filled with helium, and were released from Broadway

THE END OF A 30,000-MILE SAIL: The 32-ft. ketch, *Svaap*, which Mr. W. A. Robinson (seen aboard) and Etera, a Tahitian native, have sailed round the globe. The journey which began in June, 1929, has only just terminated. The boat has visited 435 villages and ports

A BOLSHEVIK VICTIM: The famous Cathedral of the Redeemer, Moscow, erected as a memorial for the Napoleonic defeat of 1812, has just been blown up; the destruction was completed with liquid air. The treasures were previously removed. A Temple of Labour will occupy the site

WINTER IN GERMANY: The Reich has received an unequivocal visit from Jack Frost within the past few days as these two pictures show. The younger generation has hailed his advent with delight, especially in Berlin, where "natural" skating rinks abound. The great majority of German children are almost as at home on skates as are the Dutch, as may be seen in the left hand picture. The right hand view shows the floating ice-floes on the river Oder at Kuestrin

AMERICA IMPOVERISHED

The Unemployed Problem Produces Hideous Tragedies
— but the Upper Ten Carry On

HELP COMES AT LAST by the hands of two police officers to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Jaeger of New York, who took to the bushes of Van Cortlandt Park for five months when Mr. Jaeger lost his work and was told he was too old to get employment

"BLUE MONDAY": Members of the unemployed colony do their scanty weekly washing on Wednesday. Two out-of-works are seen above doing their laundry at the encampment established on the corner of West and Clarkson Streets. Black and white fraternize at all times in the slum districts; in the out-of-work colonies in times of crisis they are real brothers

TRAGEDY: Mr. Charles Nathan of Philadelphia returned home from a fruitless quest for work to find his wife had killed their three children and then committed suicide for lack of food. A neighbour and a policeman endeavoured to console him

THEIR FIRST GOOD MEAL FOR WEEKS: Hungry children of Philadelphia feed on the pavement outside the Armoury, where the International Geneva Association held a culinary exhibition. Mayor Mackay and the Committee fed 2,000 adults and children in the open street by distributing food to them before the exhibition was opened

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: A three cent. sandwich counter set up both to assist the owner to make a living and to provide other unfortunates with a cheap meal. It stands—fitly enough—at the door of an employment agency

BUT ALL IS FOR THE BEST IN THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS! Or so it would seem from this view of a fashionable gathering at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va., where the Piedmont foxhounds met on the estate of Mr. J. H. Whitney, a "prominent clubman," who, with Mrs. Whitney, is seen leading the field through the autumn mist

a

ONE PALATIAL BUILDING IN THE MOST BANKRUPT AREA OF GERMANY: A gigantic new office building in Hamburg, where conditions of depression are so acute that firms are closing down instead of opening up

THE HOUSE THAT

The Unscrupulous Riot of Extravagance on Borrowed Money that has Characterized German Life since 1918 Revealed in All its Criminal Shortsightedness and Thoughtlessness. Germany has Plant, Industrial and Mechanical, and Social Services Unparalleled in the World—and has Paid for None of Them

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BERLIN.

I am not suggesting a toppling card structure but a grossly over-storeyed affair—the brand-new Germany which our friends here have seen fit to erect, chiefly with British and American money, during all these mad years since 1919. The chief impression one derives from a visit to the Reich, and to Berlin in particular, is one of everything having been built regardless of cost, and also regardless of whether it was necessary. A high British official said this to me: "No country in Europe could really afford the lavish development, construction, and social services upon which Germany has squandered borrowed money ever since the War. The country has literally denied itself nothing, and it is a great mistake for people to think that, as the vanquished of the War, the Germans have done nothing but suffer and experience want. You will not have to go farther than Berlin to see what I mean." And, then, I was listening to this so characteristic tale of the wily Fritz.

A mayor of a big city in South Germany was showing an American visitor all the wonderful new things that had been acquired, thanks to a loan floated in Philadelphia. The American went from stadium to hospital, park to aerodrome. Every thing was of the best and latest, and the American, who felt rather a paternal interest in what was being shown him, kept totting up figures relating to cost. This mounted to 8,000,000 dollars, but the loan had been for ten. As the mayor seemed to have finished the tour without accounting for the final 2,000,000 dollars, the American inquired about this. To what use had it been put, or was it still unspent?

"Oh," said the Burgomeister, "we are keeping that to pay the interest with."

It is hard to believe, but in a dozen years Germany has succeeded in borrowing £600,000,000 more than she has paid in Reparations. Of course, every penny that she has paid out in atonement for her wholesale destruction of other people's property has also been borrowed money—slightly more than £500,000,000 has been paid, principally to France. Her total "frozen" debt to foreign countries at this moment is £1,400,000,000, the victims being, in their order of attainment, the United States, Britain, Holland, Switzerland. Had these four countries not poured money into Germany, the latter would have been quite unable to pay any Reparations at all or even to have delivered the goods in kind as she has done. It is useless for France, therefore, to pretend that there is no connection between these private commercial debts and her own political charge upon Germany. The one made the meeting of the other's liability possible. The position has been an extraordinary one. It is difficult to blame Germany entirely. Money was literally forced on her at high rates of interest—sometimes as high as 7 per cent. There is a joke in Berlin that at one time—1927—it was difficult for a German to go down Unter den Linden without being offered a dollar loan. Of course the Germans took everything they could come by. The point now is that they should remember how extremely fortunate they have been in many things—much more so than some of the victorious and apparently so exacting ex-Allies. Germans will not readily agree to this, and most of them still go about cursing *Tribut*, although it is possible that the light is dawning in their Teuton craniums.

I have seen whole new residential quarters here in Berlin and also on the Rhine. There are fewer slums than in any other capital I know. If you go out to the Reichskanzlerplatz—beyond Berlin im Westen—you come upon almost an entire new suburb of magnificent flats, theatres, cinemas, sports grounds, indoor tennis-court buildings as big as Olympia, and so forth. The neighbourhood is hardly occupied at all because it was sheer unwanted luxury. Like so many things in current Germany, it is standing idle and costing money in upkeep. There are at the present moment no fewer than 30,000 flats to let in Greater Berlin. People haven't got the money to afford the bigger ones, and there are thousands of empty smaller apartments which never should have been built at all. *Germany has indulged an unimaginable orgy of building of all descriptions.*

It is possible that a little too much sympathy has of late been exported from England in her direction. It has been fashionable. Lots of us have been guilty of it. It may be time to prune the commodity. For example, one understands that just now a sum of £450,000,000 is "missing." The Germans do not intend to produce one pfennig of it to meet just dues to the people who were foolish enough to lend them money hand over fist.

Fifty million sterling — the equivalent of it—is what they call "in stockings," that is, hidden away by private individuals for their own gradual spending as they no longer trust the banks—and perhaps with good reason. The bulk sum, £400,000,000, is possessed by Germans in foreign currencies chiefly in Holland and Switzerland. The view is held, by ourselves among others, that it would be neither practical nor advisable to mobilize these credits because so much of them is sunk in German industry, and supporting this (notably in the case of South American firms and business houses). Yet it does seem odd and unfortunate that we can lay our hands on none of it.

"SOCIAL SERVICES SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER KNOWN": A house in a model settlement which reveals the extravagance—of design as of actual creation—that possesses Germany. Such houses as these are built by a starving nation on the charity of the victors of the War

The German financial situation is one of dizzying muddle. Although there is a comfortable trade balance of £20,000,000 a month on the right side, the country is already bankrupt in all save name. There have been 75,000 bankruptcies in Berlin alone this year. And they are still being recorded merrily at the rate of two or three hundred a day. No one has any money, now that foreign loans are a thing of the past, yet they manage to live—how, is rather a mystery. There are 700,000 unemployed in Berlin alone, and just on 5,000,000 in the whole country. The worst centre, however, is not the capital but the mouth of the Elbe — Bremen, Hamburg, Bremerhaven. Hamburg's great waterway to the sea is entirely dead and a tragedy. Nor does one see any way out.

It would be an error, though, to deduce from the gaiety of Berlin-by-night that the people are not hit. This was explained

FRITZ BUILT

"EMBELLISHMENT": The Naval Monument near Kiel—a flamboyantly modern structure commemorating a navy that rotted with Communism, surrendered without a blow, and scuttled its ceded ships. The cash of the victors has been used to erect such memorials to the vanquished

It is perhaps while passing through Westphalia that one becomes most aware of the dimensions of the new house that Fritz has built for himself. Here industry has been equipped with foreign money, so that it owes nothing to the magnificent *mise-à-neuf* of the French devastated provinces themselves. It is mostly idle now, but could in certain circumstances flood half the world, for it has never developed more than 37 per cent. of its full working capacity, not even in the boom times between 1926 and 1929.

This gigantic and super-modern industrial plant came out of the long-term credits and must have cost £200,000,000. We have nothing like it in England. On all sides are immense factories, sweeping roads and branch railways, bridges, vast stations. And when you enter a factory it is to behold superb machinery—all idle nearly and costing the dickens in maintenance, another serious current matter for the country.

Some of the bigger sites are veritable small towns complete. They have their schools, hospitals, parks, theatres, libraries, restaurants. The whole country is sport mad and enjoys every facility. In the non-industrial sectors an immense amount of borrowed money has gone in homesteading and town planning, with the result that the agricultural worker in the Reich is luckier than any of his opposite numbers in other lands. Every labourer on the land has his wireless and most of them their libraries and bathrooms.

Even in sundered East Prussia, which is reputed to be in need of help (the Osthilfe operates from Berlin), there has been lavish development. Koenigsberg has the biggest railway station (chiefly standing idle), and is studded with museums, academies, science schools, public halls, banks. The ceiling of the new town hall is in silver. These public utilities have come out of the short-term credits, the United States having contributed much the most. The long-term credits have gone chiefly as follows:

Dawes and Young Plans, 25 per cent.
Loans to states and municipalities, 20 per cent.
More public utilities, 14 per cent.
Banks, 2 per cent.
Private borrowers, 37 per cent.

It is worth recalling that the Reich has so far paid only £25,000,000 to the Dawes and Young Plans. Quite double that sum has gone in public utilities alone, a major part having been lavished on a splendid transport system.

I mentioned the favourable situation of the working-man and now find from my notes that he also enjoys in Germany, besides five marks a day dole, old-age and disablement pensions, miners' insurance, and "relief for small fixed incomes." Unless it be in the northern lands, I know of no more lavish social service.

The four staple industries to benefit most by our misplaced, foolish generosity and excessive lending zeal are coal, pig-iron, raw steel, and electric current. South Germany is criss-crossed by the best thing yet in captured current. Everything is worked by it. And electricity costs little or nothing. Steel and pig-iron are, of course, going to be very severely hit by our protection, but the point is that the plant is there, and we cannot omit the possibility of its being one day turned against the rest of Europe. The French thesis is that we should retain some form of hold over it. In the Ruhr, for example, they have both processes for making steel—the only place where such dual machinery exists.

A very serious matter in the Reich is that, whereas profits are private, losses are socialized. Nor have the cartels any health-giving competition. Rationalization has been carried to the last degree and with the usual baleful results. Where forty men were needed to operate, say, a crane, the work is done now by two men and the rest have to be maintained by the State. Actually it is costing more to produce, with few workmen, than it would have been to have kept them on in swarms. And these workmen, as I have said, enjoy a higher standard of living than anywhere else—or, at least, they did during 1929-30. People tell me that you at once notice the difference in Poland—the much lower standard.

I was at some pains to find out if, in all their borrowing, the Germans were guilty of fraudulent act or of *arrière pensée*. I was told no. They did not mean to default as they have done; events have been too much for them. They wanted to pay us on the quiet and to desist from Reparations, but that little plan has fallen through owing to Paris intervening. The Germans, then, did not intend a fraudulent bankruptcy. What they did was to collect the loans, thanks to false acceptances for "goods in transit." And we connived at the falsification to reap our interest.

"The Germans have been on a good thing far too long and it is high time they were spoken to about their spendthrift extravagance. They might have won the War, instead of losing it," was how a Berlin friend put it. This informant listed the extravagance in the following order:

(1) Put into industry.
(2) Put into public utilities (wasted in budgets, misinvestments, etc.).
(3) General embellishment.
(4) Graft ("paying the boys" as they say in Tammany Hall).
(5) Invested abroad.

One night I had occasion to study the embellishment. After skating on a vast new rink, I went and had supper at the only swimming bath in the world which possesses real waves. Berlin is very proud of this piece of luxury and you eat and drink round the warm, splashing water.

Next day, though, I saw the reverse of the medal. There are few more depressing places than ex-garrison towns that have lived and lost. Potsdam is that to-day. I am sure the Kaiser would hate to see it again.

There's not much hope of his ever doing so, incidentally. The most likely political happening in the Reich is the advent, by May, of Hitler and the Catholics. At the moment that prize agitator (but shrewd strategist) does not like the look of power because he knows he can work no improvement in the state of the country and would only stand to lose popularity. A good many Germans consider his main use as that of being a good window-dressing stunt for the rest of Europe.

"As long as we have him," they say, "the French will tend to be more reasonable." Meanwhile he has a party of 750,000 including 200,000 troops, while the Reichswehr is said to be increasingly tainted. Mussolini took Rome with 30,000, but there will be no march like that in Germany. If Hitler seizes power in a *coup d'état* he will do so suddenly in a dozen cities during the same night. But the impression now is that he won't have to go outside the law or Constitution—that he will soar in with a 50 per cent. vote at the forthcoming Prussian elections.

And then he would start tearing up everything—beginning with Reparations and working down through the short and long-term credits. And he proposes that every single person over sixteen, boy or girl, *must work*—though what he purposes to set them at is not quite clear, unless he introduces a three-or four-hour day. The plant, of course, is there, as we have seen. And Fritz has all the fittings in the house he has built. In a measure it may be as well, because the only way he can ever pay anything is by excess of exports over imports. The task is to keep some sort of hold on the gentleman in case of a return to prosperity or he may cut us all out. Borrow all our money, and then beat us into the bargain on the strength of it!

It is essentially a contradictory picture that Berlin—and the Reich generally—offers to-day. There is a complete absence of confidence and trade; commerce and industry are at a standstill compared with the last few years. Everybody owes money and there are pawnshops almost at every street corner. On the threshold of winter, much will depend on whether the next months are cold (and how bitter Berlin can be!). Millions are working on reduced salaries, millions more are living largely by charity, and there is the enormous army of the dole; wholesale prostitution of both sexes, the professional classes in a precarious way, businesses closing down daily, great building enterprises left unfinished—like one house of a *thousand* offices off the Potsdämerstrasse, a monumental American affair and typical of all the wild extravagance, though I rather think the derelict Reichskanzlerplatz the most so. That, and the immense idle factories of the Ruhr, and which the *Frankfürter Zeitung* hopes to see revive some day with the return of confidence following on a settlement with France. It is a rosy hope. For the moment it doesn't look much like maturing, and we see Fritz in reduced circumstances in his sumptuous surroundings.

I motored out to a typical new townlet near Berlin one day. To my companion, a German, I said, "But however did you think you could afford all this?" His reply was naïve in the extreme. "*Wir sind doch ein Kulturvolk.*" He didn't give it much more thought than that and proceeded to take me to the local stadium and swimming pool.

Yes, a grim contradiction, the Germany of 1931-32! And what crazy, topsy-turvy times we've been living in since 1918! Here we allow a country to rig itself out from top to bottom at our expense, to possess social advantages we've never dreamt of in return for making and losing the war!

to me as follows: The Germans are in a state of exasperation, and are living in a condition of complete uncertainty regarding what the morrow may bring. If the other cities are for Hitler, the capital itself is rather more likely to go Communist. The Russian influence is everywhere in Berlin. You even see libraries in Unter den Linden showing little save Bolshevic literature in their shop windows. One is apt to overlook how very near Germany is to the Soviet, also the close-knit trade relations existing between the two peoples. The Germans, then, are reckless, and they must go out o' nights. They crowd the Kurfürstendamm and Tauenzienstrasse, and not a café or restaurant in the centre of the city but is occupied more or less throughout the day and well into each night. How do the Berliners manage this? Simply by concentrating on beer or cheapish wine, and by going without necessities in the home. In order to celebrate they deny themselves round meals. In the professional classes there is real want.

One day I went out to a district whose pastor has circularized the neighbourhood for food to be sent into *villas*. Such misery is unknown in the working classes of the community. These are paid excessively high wages in the circumstances, and the Government's recent effort to reduce salaries met with complete failure. The German working-man is thoroughly well insured, he has free medical attendance, is housed splendidly, enjoying bathrooms, and parks and sports clubs are all about him. Berlin even seems fit still to pay £200,000 a year on flowers in the parks and gardens.

The excuse for keeping the working-man in clover is that it is an insurance against Bolshevism. Still, a mighty expensive one for a bankrupt land, and one with not much immediate apparent future. Actually, only one industry is at the moment healthy—the dye combine round Mannheim. The Steel Trust is in queer street, and may not last long. That means the whole

NATURAL TOMBSTONES: Curious formations of rock in Canadon Hondo, Patagonia. No trace of prehistoric man was found; the formation is purely volcanic

RIDING SOFT: Patagonia cowboys on their sheepskin and porous leather saddles

THE LAND of GIANTS

The great tract of desolate country running from lat. 39 deg. south to the tip of the South American continent, lat. 55 deg. south, has traditionally been famous as a land inhabited by a race of gigantic stature. This dates back to the record of Magellan, who wrote of Patagonians that they were so tall "that the tallest of us came up only to their waists." This was in very truth a traveller's tale, but the Patagonians are one of the tallest races on earth, averaging 5 ft. 10 in., with frequent specimens exceeding 6 ft. by several inches.

The Patagonians are also distinguished by the fact that, save for the Lapps, they have the shortest skulls of any race in the world, a fact attributed to the custom of strapping the heads of children to a board to prevent their being jarred when carried about the country on horseback.

VISITOR AND RESIDENT: Dr. Simpson with a baby guanaco near Lake Colhue Huapi

THE CENTRAL DESERT: Sand dunes and thorn bushes are the main features of the landscape. The heavy winds bend the trees to a chronic slant position and ripple the ground surface

The territory is split in two by the Andes — that mighty range which runs the length of South America to reappear in North America as the Rockies of the United States and Canada. This natural barrier divides Patagonia into Argentine Patagonia on the east and Chilean Patagonia on the west—an equitable division arrived at some half-a-century ago.

The country is sparsely populated by a nomadic race made up of various tribes of Indians who are rapidly dying out. Sheep, cattle, and horses are reared in the few districts favoured by climate and natural advantages, but the major portion of both Argentine and Chilean Patagonia is composed of arid, sterile, bush-covered land. The main mammals are guanacos, armadillos, viscachas, pumas, foxes, and skunks, while the main birds are condors, vultures, hawks, partridges, rheas, and flamingoes.

RELICS OF PREHISTORIC MAN: In this rugged country, desolate in the extreme, the only traces worth mentioning of antiquity were discovered. The two Lilliputian figures on the right found fossilized teeth in this setting of volcanic ash

Patagonia has been visited by many scientific expeditions, most notably that of Darwin a century ago, and most recently by the Scarritt Expedition, records of which are reproduced upon this page. This latter was led by Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, and endured for a full year's exploration. The southernmost area proved rich in archæological remains in the form of fossilized mammals.

Tbe palæontological specimens are estimated by Dr. Simpson as "older than the mastodon but not older than the dinosaurs"—i.e. between forty million and fifty million years of age.

THE CHIEF CITY OF PATAGONIA: Comodoro Rivadavia on the Atlantic coast, where the expedition established its base for its 5,000 mile trek inland. The climate is windy in summer and deathly cold in the winter season

The pictures shown on the left display the desolate quality of the terrain; certain areas give the impression of a literally God-forsaken spot. The trees in many districts lean slantwise to the earth—evidence of the powerful prevailing winds. Patagonia is ravaged by gales, and the general temperature is low.

The base was established at Comodoro Rivadavia on the Atlantic coast, whence the expedition trekked some 5,000 miles inland.

The religion of the Patagonians is based on belief in a great and good spirit which created Indians and animals. Idols are unknown —wherein the region differs from Chile—but there is a well appreciated dread of demons in the native heart.

The derivation of the name, Patagonia, is obscure; it is held by some that it is drawn from the footsteps of large men found round Magellan's quarters in 1520—the word *patagones;* while another theory ascribes it to the Quichua word *patachuna* (terraces), as the rule of the Incas extended at one period so far from its Peruvian centre.

THE ROCKIES of CANADA

Scarred by time and glaciers, the Canadian Rocky Mountains provide an unrivalled field for the mountaineer. Devotees may chant the praises of the Alps: in extent the Rockies are superior, for while the whole length of the Alps is less than four hundred miles, and the breadth from fifty to eighty miles, the Rockies and Selkirks have a length of one thousand two hundred miles, and a breadth of one hundred and forty.

Admittedly the old world charm and picturesqueness loaned by many centuries of civilization to the Alps is lacking, but visitors find that the Rockies possess special beauties which the Alps cannot rival. The famous alpinists, Colley and Stuttfield, wrote that "the picturesque landscapes in the valleys, the magnificence of the vast forests with their inextricable tangle of luxuriant undergrowth, and the wreck and ruin of the fallen tree trunks; the size, number and exquisite colouring of the mountain lakes, in these things the new Switzerland stands pre-eminent."

So great are the claims of the Rockies that expert climbers arrive every year from all parts of the globe, men of renown like Colley, Wooley and Whymper, Abbot, Thompson, Outram and Eggers.

Few climbs in the Rockies can be made with safety unless one of the Swiss guides is with the party. The Canadian mountains, however, hold a much better record than the Alps in this respect, for while there has been an appalling loss of life among the Swiss mountains, mountain-climbing fatalities in the Rockies can be counted on the fingers. This good fortune is largely due to the activities of the Alpine Club of Canada which organizes expeditions, and provides an abundance of experienced advice for the newcomer. Swiss guides are stationed at many points of the district.

Banff is a favourite centre for mountain-climbing. Easy work for the novice may be enjoyed on the slopes of Mount Norquay, while the more experienced climber will find interesting thrills on Mount Louis or Mount Edith. Very similar in appearance to the Matterhorn, Mount Assiniboine will test the super-mountaineer to the utmost, and probably frustrate his attack. Unlike the Matterhorn, Assiniboine has no long list of fatalities to its discredit.

A delightful and not too difficult climb for the lover of glaciers may be commenced from Lake Louise, the gem of the Rockies. Leaving Château Lake Louise, the guides lead the way to Victoria glacier, pass under the ice cliffs on the shoulder of Mount Lefroy, and then proceed by various gaps to Abbot Pass; a halt is made at the alpine hut, thence on to Lake Oesa and the beautiful Lake O'Hara with its ever-changing hues.

Modern transportation brings climbing in the Rockies within the scope of the person of moderate means. Ten or eleven days after leaving London, the traveller alights at Banff or Field thoroughly rested and eager for the new adventure. Elaborate preparation is unnecessary. Stout boots and clothing are essential, but these may be purchased locally at reasonable cost; the novice would be well-advised to purchase his equipment at Banff from outfitters who understand what material is best suited for the work.

Although there are many ascents which may be essayed without guides, people visiting the Rockies for the first time will find the small fee paid to the guide to be a wise form of insurance, and an assurance that they will miss nothing of interest on the climb. A hearty welcome and valuable information is available to all who sign the Visitors' Book at the Canadian Alpine Club House, situated on the slope of Mount Sulphur, close to Banff; this building is steadily becoming a summer rendezvous for energetic society people from Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

BANFF NATIONAL PARK: A long, sharp, snow ridge with Mts. Victoria and Collier in the background

"SILENT UPON A PEAK": The west peak of Mt. Victoria In the background is Mt. Odary, a majestic mass of grim, grey rock

DECEPTION PASS: Mt. Redoubt is on the left and the shoulder of Ptarmigan Peak, in the Shaki Valley, on right. The moist winds from the Pacific reach the Rockies, after passing the ranges on the west coast, as snow-laden gusts

ROPE WORK IN THE ROCKIES: Climbing Barometer Peak, Yoho National Park

THE SERRATED SURFACE: Climbing Mt. Yukeness. On right is Mt. Biddle

THE ASCENT HAZARDOUS: A thrilling moment on Mt. Schaffer, Yoho

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Mr. J. R. GORDON, the Editor of *The Sunday Express*, to whom money is a matter of complete indifference

Mr. HARRY AINSWORTH, who has done miracles to increase *The People's* circulation

Mr. GEORGE GILLIAT, of *The Evening Standard*, who plays politics as if it were chess

Mr. W. L. WARDEN, Editor of *The Daily Mail*, who knows the Continent from A to Z

The MEN *who* SPOIL YOUR BREAKFAST!

The Editors of Fleet Street are the Most Anonymous of Men; "The Sphere" here Presents a Portrait Gallery of these Dictators of Public Opinion, with Notes upon Their Various Personalities and Interests

By CHARLES GRAVES

In the past few months a remarkable change has come over the newspapers of Fleet Street. Once upon a time only the articles on the leader page were signed. Then one or two feature-writers like H. V. Morton broke through the barrier of anonymity. To-day, girl reporters who have been on a newspaper only for a month or two are frequently allowed to sign their news stories, while Sunday newspapers are a welter of signatures. And yet the most important men in Fleet Street—the editors—seldom if ever allow their names to appear in print. You might have thought they would have liked to put "Edited by John Fleet," or whatever the name might be, on the front page. It would be a natural vanity and a very justifiable recognition of their position. But they would never dream of it. They deliberately prefer anonymity.

It is true that Mr. Tom Clarke, the editor of *The News-Chronicle*, and Mr. J. L. Garvin of *The Observer*, are exceptions. And even Mr. Beverley Baxter of *The Daily Express* has been known to sign an article. But they are the trio which prove the rule that the editors of our great national newspapers are very retiring men.

How many readers of *The Times* know that the editor's name is Mr. Geoffrey Dawson? How many of the three million readers of *The News of the World* know the names of the three editors who are responsible for supplying them with their weekly recreation? How many readers of *The Morning Post* or *The Daily Herald* realize the importance of Mr. Guy Pollock or Mr. John Dunbar, or Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Helsby? It is an extraordinary thought that the names of the most powerful interpreters and guides of public opinion are totally unknown to the vast majority of the population. These men control undertakings that bring in millions of pounds a year to their proprietors. If they were paid according to the profits or even on the same ratio as, let us say, the managing directors of great drapery stores, they would be receiving between £25,000 and £40,000 a year instead of anything between £3,500 and £10,000 a year. They are men of quick decision, selective memory, organizing capacity, imagination, flair, determination, and patience. Some are more cautious than others. One is an Etonian with an almost fanatical love of fly fishing. Another is a Canadian, and is very fond of skittles. A third rowed in an International crew in Hong-Kong. A fourth joined the army at the age of seventeen, went steerage to America, and has since written at least two successful novels. A fifth knows more about fine wines and fine foods than almost any connoisseur in the country. A sixth has a permanent fancy for a bottle of stout at luncheon, and goes back to his native Dundee whenever he has a week-end to spare. A seventh used to load cargoes at 6s. a week and now prefers luxury cruises to any other holiday. An eighth worked as a miner at the age of thirteen, and now likes to hike in the Pas de Calais. A ninth has been a county cricketer. A tenth used to deliver newspapers on his mother's bicycle at the age of thirteen in St. Albans.

I have worked for most of them. Others I have known for a long time. Others I have encountered only in the past few days. A painstaking biologist who was determined to classify likenesses wherever possible would find little about which to generalize if confronted with Fleet Street's editors. He might point to the rarity of tall men, and the preponderance of blue eyes among them. Beyond that he could not go. Considering the extraordinary variety of the newspapers which they control, and which in turn reflect their character, this is not surprising. Even to the non-expert eye there is as immense a difference between *The Times* and *The Morning Post*, or *The Daily Sketch* and *The Daily Mirror*, as there is between *The Daily Express* and *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Herald*. Heaven forbid that I should take sides. Each newspaper has its own idea of what it is aiming at in both quality and quantity of circulation, and with very few exceptions they are all immensely successful, at least as far as editorial control is concerned.

Mr. GUY POLLOCK, Managing Editor of *The Morning Post*

Mr. LEONARD REES, Editor of *The Sunday Times*

Mr. WILL STEVENSON, Editor of *The Daily Herald*

In the old days most editors were completely ignorant of practical journalism. They came down from Oxford or Cambridge, became useful to some politician, and were then given a newspaper to edit. The difference in the present-day circulation, compared with that of years ago, is enough to prove the value of appointing as editors men who know the work backwards.

Take Mr. W. Adcock, for example, the new editor of *The Sunday Dispatch*. Mr. Adcock, with whom I worked on *The Evening News*, was at one time the chief sub-editor of *The Daily Express*. During that period he wrote, set up in type, and printed a paper in his spare time which rose to a circulation of 7,000. This *tour de force* took place at Wimbledon in a cottage at the back of the King of Denmark Tavern. He secured, moreover, a year's contract for advertisements from the Southern Railway and Selfridge's, and even persuaded W. H. Smith and Son to sell his paper. Mr. Adcock rightly begins the list of editors, both because of his alphabetical start and because he started to deliver newspapers at the age of thirteen. He is a slim, pale-faced man who looks rather like a poet in his soft black hat. He has a long stride, and blue eyes with a rather large brown iris. His sole interest in life is newspapers, and he was with *The People* from the time it was selling at 300,000 until it reached the 2,800,000 mark.

Mr. Harry Ainsworth, the editor of *The People*, has a silken voice. He seldom writes and his movements are leisurely. His circulation results, however, are as swift as a rocket—a rocket, moreover, which shows no sign of coming down.

The two men who edit *The Daily Mirror* both have names beginning with "B." Mr. L. D. Brownlee used to play cricket for Gloucestershire and has many good stories of Dr. Grace. I should say he was forty-nine years old and is tall and good-looking. He was educated at Clifton and started life as a schoolmaster. He then went right through the newspaper business on *The Daily Mirror*. He used to be very keen on golf. To-day his outside interests centre chiefly in motoring and gardening. He lives at Virginia Water.

Mr. H. G. Bartholomew is not so tall as Mr. Brownlee. He has thick grey hair and a pleasant, outspoken manner. His association with the telegraphing of photographs is shown by the first syllable of the Bart-Lane process. He has a place on the Norfolk Broads, but is also interested in apple growing.

Next, alphabetically, comes Mr. Beverley Baxter, one of the most colourful men in England. I have worked for him at various times, and anything I know about descriptive writing is from what he has taught me. Beverley Baxter is a Canadian who sold pianos, and wrote more than eighty short stories before the first was accepted by *Chambers Journal*. He, like myself, has German blood in his veins. He has a big head and a large frame, and a remarkably sensitive mind. I like playing golf with him,

Mr. A. CURTHOYS, of *The Daily Sketch*, whose family dates back to the Conquest

Mr. J. L. GARVIN, the Editor of *The Observer*, one of the few editors to write a great deal and also to be well-known by name

Mr. A. E. WATSON, of *The Daily Telegraph*, who works twelve hours a day and lunches frugally—sometimes at 4 p.m.

Mr. GEOFFREY DAWSON, Editor of *The Times*, who has been a Fellow of All Souls' and a member of the Colonial Office

Mr. TOM CLARKE, of *The News-Chronicle*, the most widely travelled of editors, and an old undergraduate of Ruskin

Mr. BEVERLEY BAXTER, of *The Daily Express*, who has a mind like mercury and a great love of music

Mr. H. A. GWYNNE, Editor of *The Morning Post*, who has a strong bias towards things military and was a great war correspondent

SIR EMSLEY CARR, whose vehicle is the great crime journal, *The News of the World*

although he immediately loses, on the first tee, all the intelligence, resource, and determination that have made his rise in Fleet Street so spectacular. I like talking with him because he has a mind as fast as Groucho Marx, and you feel that your own wits are sharpening in the process. During the week he plays skittles at lunch-time in the alley of the R.A.C. for exercise, and plays the horses to test his luck or intuition. Both are very considerable. Other qualities of this remarkable man are that he once sang Pinkerton in *Madame Butterfly* for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, worked under Lord Beaverbrook without a perceptible break for ten years, and he has also found time to write a book. If he had the choice of Wagner, a prize-fight, and the Greyhound Derby, he would probably choose the prize-fight because of his love of drama.

We now come to Mr. E. Chattaway of *The Star*, another astonishing man with the courage of a lion in the face of difficulties. Tom Clarke, the editor of *The News-Chronicle*, who is next on the list, told me recently that when he was news-editor of *The Daily Mail* he always knew that his reporter would be beaten if Chattaway of *The Star* was on the story. Mr. Chattaway was the finest crime-reporter of his day, and the only one, as far as I know, who has ever become an editor. He has a large head, rather heavily-lidded blue eyes, horn spectacles, and a way of lifting up his head when he laughs. He sits in a small room with only a glass partition between him and his reporters and sub-editors. He is a first-class bridge-player with a natural card sense. Like most editors, he is fond of motoring. He has been continuously with *The Star* since long before the War, and, like Mr. A. L. Cranfield, the assistant editor of *The Daily Mail*, started his newspaper career in Warwick.

Tom Clarke is better known to the public than most Fleet Street editors as a result of his *Diary of Lord Northcliffe*, which was chosen as the Book of the Month by the Book Society. He spent two terms at Ruskin College, Oxford, and then accepted a job at £1 a week on a local paper at Lewisham. Fifteen shillings a week went in lodging, sixpence a week in tobacco, and the rest in a cheap week-end return once a month to his parents' home in Lancashire. Tom Clarke has swift, brown eyes, and a cottage in the country. His cottage and his recollections of Lord Northcliffe are his chief recreation. He is quite the most-widely travelled of all editors, except perhaps Mr. Gwynne. At the age of nineteen he was a reporter in Hong-Kong. He has travelled as a war correspondent through Korea, and as a holiday maker in America. Five years ago he was editing a newspaper in Australia. He has the gift of controlled impatience and an air of permanent youth. His hair is as black as when he was a boy, and he smiles as readily as ever.

Mr. A. Curthoys, of *The Daily Sketch*, is a small, rather plump man of great geniality. I am afraid I have never worked under him, and know little about him. He comes of an extremely ancient family, going back, I believe, to the Norman Conquest, and he hails from the West of England. The success of *The Daily Sketch* is sufficient tribute to his skill as an editor.

With Major Percy Davies, of *The News of the World*, I must bracket Mr. Robert Berry and Sir Emsley Carr. All three graduated from *The Western Mail*. Major Davies is a Welshman who has an uncanny gift for deciding the value of the notorious and the notable. He has round but piercing blue eyes, a round, alert face, and a round, alert figure. He is a very careful man, fond of motoring and golf. You would never suppose he was a Welshman. His editor-in-chief, Sir Emsley Carr, works diligently to maintain the dignity and status of the journalist. He presented a number of Spy Cartoons to the House of Commons. He is a keen golfer and an expert judge of cartoons and songs. Mr. Berry is the man who is most responsible for the policy of *The News of the World* in giving all the news. He is a white-haired man, with a remarkable reserve when with strangers. He likes going on pleasure cruises for his holidays. He knows everyone in the vaudeville world, and is perhaps the only man in England who can walk into Scotland Yard and talk to the various heads of departments. This is partly because of the valuable help *The News of the World* has frequently given to the police by offering rewards for information. Many people say that if it had not been for *The News of the World's* reward the men who murdered P.C. Gutteridge might never have been traced. He has a German wife, and his chief hobby is raising money for the Royal Free Hospital.

Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of *The Times*, is an aloof man, but a thoroughly good shot. He has brown eyes which, when he gets bored, become immediately veiled. It is a remarkable gift. He was at Eton with Mr. Guy Pollock of *The Morning Post*, and then went on to Magdalen. In 1917 he assumed the name of Dawson by royal licence in place of Robinson. He lives in Regent's Park, has been the editor of a South African newspaper, as well as a Fellow of All Souls' and a member of the Colonial Office. That was during the Boer War.

We next come to James Wedgwood Drawbell, the editor of *The Sunday Chronicle*. He was the editor who ran away and joined the Army at seventeen. Afterwards he went steerage to America, to become at the age of twenty-six the youngest editor of a national newspaper. He has a hooked nose, a thin face, and a slightly north-country accent. He wrote a best-seller last year, and he has written a second which is being serialized in the United States now, and will be published in England in January under the title of *Good Time*. He has also been part-author of a play produced in the West End. I like him very much.

If I had been writing this article ten days ago I should next have come to Mr. Bernard Falk, who has, however, just been succeeded as editor of *The Sunday Dispatch* by Mr. Adcock. Mr. Falk is the greatest authority on jade and miniatures in the country. He has a crabbed sense of humour and nothing has ever ruffled him. He is the best writer of signed articles in the country and is a great admirer of Richard Sickert, whose pictures he collects.

Mr. Frank Fitzhugh is the editor of *The Evening News*. I used to work under him eight years ago and he has not altered at all. He is a heavily built man above the average height and joined the Royal Garrison Artillery during the War. Many men back on leave from France must have noticed the rather choleric-looking corporal on the pier at Dover. Mr. Fitzhugh has been on the sub-editorial side of newspapers for most of his life. As an editor he is known for his refusal to be stampeded on big issues, and for his invariable ability in rescuing erring subordinates from some perilous situation into which their inaccuracy or laziness has landed them. As a former reporter myself, let me say that you can pay no higher personal tribute to an editor than this. I was under him for ten months, and he saved me from the Bishop of St. Albans among others.

Mr. Victor Suhr, who helps Mr. Fitzhugh in the editing of *The Evening News*, has a Danish father. He is physically indestructible, although he rarely takes exercise. He has bought three sets of golf clubs in the past few years, and yet has never completed a round of golf. Mr. Suhr taught me all I know about reporting. He used to have the reputation of a driver of men. But I never felt over-driven. He wears rather owlish-looking horn spectacles, chuckles rather than laughs, and has the keenest news sense of anybody I know.

Mr. J. L. Garvin, who writes more than any two editors in Fleet Street, looks rather like a prophet. He captures the attention of every dinner table at which he is present, and is astonishingly hard-working. What he writes is quoted more widely than the work of almost any other man in the country. I have met him only twice, but was very much struck by him on each occasion. Mr. Garvin lives at Beaconsfield, and was editor-in-chief of the fourteenth edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*. Twenty-six years ago he edited *The Outlook*. He belongs, like Mr. Guy Pollock, to the Garrick and the Athenæum.

Mr. George Gilliat, editor of *The Evening Standard*, regards politics as if it were a game of chess, and it is no exaggeration to say that even when he was a small boy he preferred a by-election to a pantomime. Born in the village of Candlesby, where four vehicles a day were the average traffic, he brought out a complete issue of a local weekly when he was sixteen. In his early newspaper days he used to report pigeon-shooting competitions. To-day he likes motoring two or three hundred miles in twelve hours as a recreation. It is a fact that he has never applied for any of the jobs he has received. They have always been offered him. Mr. Gilliat has brown eyes which turn down curiously at the sides.

The large public of *The Sunday Express* must naturally think of that newspaper in terms of Lord Castlerosse and Mr. James Douglas. They have never heard of Mr. J. R. Gordon, a tall, thin, dark Scotsman, with thick-lensed spectacles and a quiet manner. We used to be on *The Evening News* together eight years ago, and played golf at Shirley Park. Mr. Gordon has one of those old-fashioned handicaps that make him very hard to beat. He used to be a sub-editor, and has a soft Scottish voice. Mr. Gordon is a curious paradox. He is a Scot with a complete indifference to money. When he was chief sub-editor of *The Daily Express* and earning £1,000 a year he was informed that his salary was being increased by £5 a week. Mr. Gordon said he was much obliged. Three months later he met the editor in the corridor. "By the way," he said, "I've never had that rise you promised me." He was naturally paid the arrears, but the probability is that he would have let it go for another year but for the chance encounter.

Mr. Guy Pollock, the managing editor of *The Morning Post* (the editor-in-chief being Mr. Gwynne), is one of the famous legal family. There is no mistaking the powerful jaw and the rather grim blue eye. He holds his head a little on one side as he walks, and frequently wears an Old Etonian tie. He is one of the finest leader-writers in Fleet Street, lives in Ashley Gardens, and used to be managing editor of *The Daily Express* and editor of *The Sunday Express*. I have worked many happy months with him. Golf and motoring are secondary considerations to him on his holidays. Fly fishing is his ideal sport. Sometimes he talks at you out of the side of his mouth, and sometimes he can be positively terrifying. He knows his job inside out.

Mr. H. A. Gwynne ought to have been a professional soldier. Instead, he was the most brilliant war correspondent that Reuter ever sent abroad. To-day he is the *doyen* of Fleet Street editors. Behind his somewhat owlish exterior there lurks a very nimble brain; it is a great error to mistake his air of benevolence for weakness. He is a keen shot and has a very fine technical and actual knowledge of "the military art."

(Continued on p. 468)

Mr. R. POWER BERRY, who shares in the direction of *The News of the World*

MAJOR D. PERCY DAVIES, who is also associated with *The News of the World*

Mr. E. CHATTAWAY, of *The Star*, the greatest crime reporter of his day

Mr. J. W. DRAWBELL, of *The Sunday Chronicle*, whose whole life has been an adventure

HOW the "AKRON" SEES NEW YORK

And the American Capital, Washington, D.C., Seen from the Air

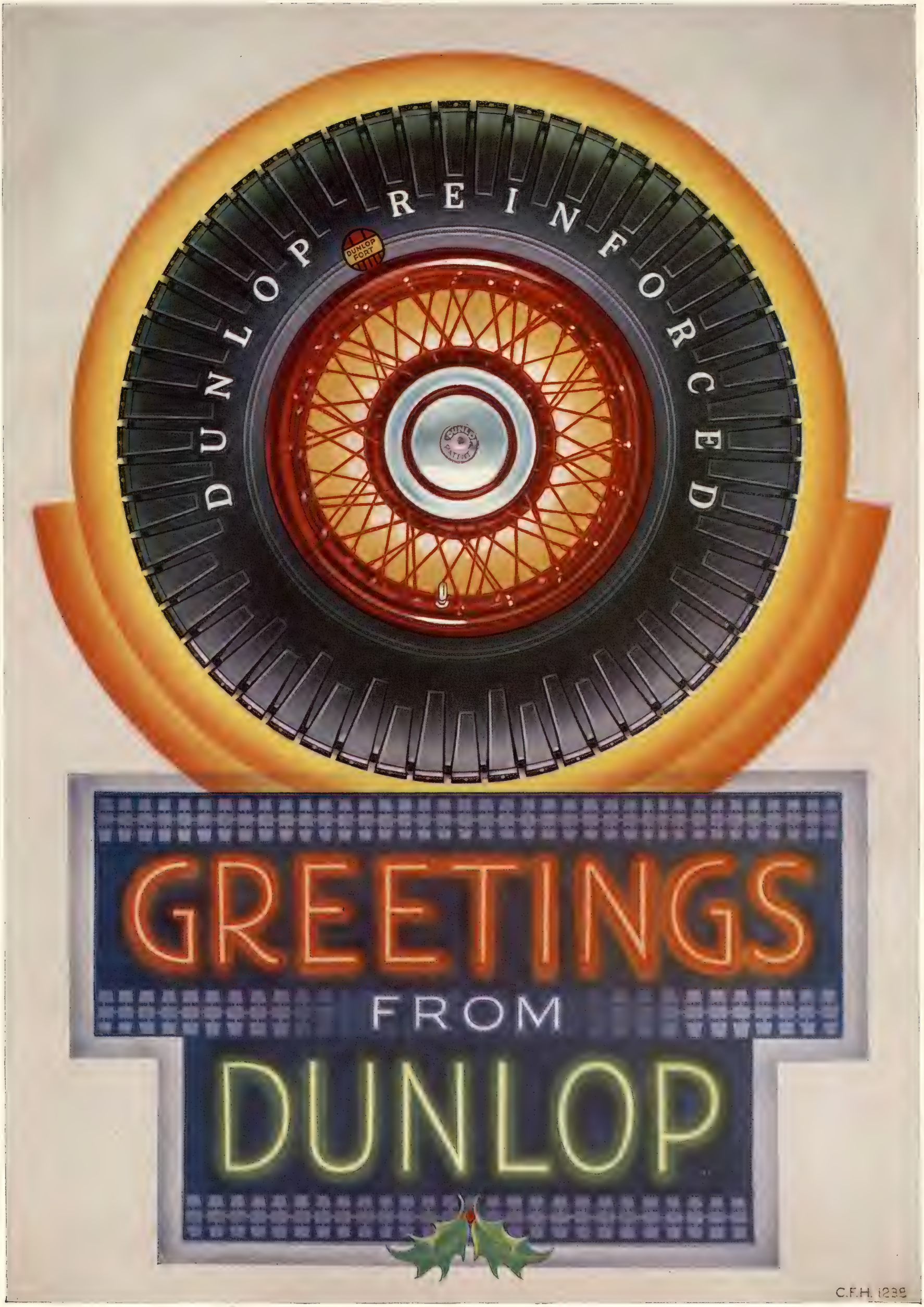
ABOVE THE POTOMAC: The *Akron*, the gigantic dirigible recently added to the U.S. Navy aerial arm, passes over the historic river. To the left of the ship's tail is the obelisk, floodlit by night, only at the summit of the Washington Memorial. In the left foreground is the bridge leading to the classical marble Lincoln Memorial

LOOKING DOWN ON THE "CITY OF WAKING SPIRES": The *Akron*, and farther away up-town the *Los Angeles*, above New York. The former hovers over Millionaire Row—i.e. Park Avenue, the famous East Side street of palatial flats. To the left is Central Park, and in the far left background is the new Washington Memorial Bridge

UPPER MANHATTAN SEEN FROM THE AIR: The *Akron* and the *Los Angeles* (farther away) over very much up-town New York. The bridge on right spans Hell Gate, springing from Ward's Island on the left to Long Island; the left background is the residential suburb of the Bronx

THE SKY-SCRAPER DISTRICT: The down-town point of Manhattan. In the centre rises the Woolworth Building, with its tapering pinnacle; in the right hand bottom corner is the Singer Building, with its rounded cupola fronting on Broadway

THE MODERN FINANCIAL CENTRE OF THE WORLD; Battery Park at the southernmost point of New York fringed with the piers for the ferry boats that ply across both the Hudson and the East rivers. Farther up-town are ranged the docks, where the great ocean greyhounds are moored. In the centre of the picture is a great financial centre of New York, the Morgan Building


DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP FORT
GREETINGS
FROM
DUNLOP
C.F.H. 1238

The Burning of London Bridge (North End) in 1632

From a newly-discovered painting

LONDON 300 YEARS AGO

Facets of Life in the Metropolis Before the Great Fire of 1666 Compelled the Capital to be Rebuilt and Modernized

By GORDON HOME

The discovery of the existence of a hitherto unsuspected picture representing an important event in the history of London, belonging to a date so early as 1632–3, is an event sufficiently rare to make it worth while to glance back at London and London life three full centuries ago. These were the days when Charles was ruling without a Parliament and sowing the seeds of his own destruction. They were also days full of misery for Londoners who suffered terribly from a form of plague which continued from 1629 to 1631 and was succeeded by a serious dearth of food supplies. So little was understood of the causes of plague at this period that in the middle of the seventeenth century there was no one capable of explaining the reason for the good health enjoyed by those who lived upon London Bridge. As late as 1709 when Dr. E. Baynard wrote his *History of Cold Bathing*, he commented upon the fact that only two persons died on London Bridge during the whole period of the Great Plague, and sought to find an explanation for this remarkable immunity in the fact that the residents on the Bridge would have made "much use of dabbling in cold water." The fact that on the Bridge there were no cesspools and no ancient churchyards crowded in ill-ventilated alleys, passages, and back yards, and that fresh, pure air had access into the houses at all times did not seem to this painstaking physician to contribute anything towards the health enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Bridge.

There being no knowledge of how to combat the pestilence, the efforts of the City authorities were more or less impotent, and it was also found to be a difficult task to relieve the distress which followed, with the result that riots frequently occurred. The hungry crowds produced rhymes containing sinister warnings for the rich if they did not provide food—

"The corne is so dear
I dout mani will starve this year.
If you see not to this
Sum of you will speed amiss.
Our souls they are dear
For our bodyes have sume ceare."

London in the first decades of the seventeenth century was little changed from its aspect in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign when it had overflowed its Roman wall to the north-west and west, and formed suburbs extending to Clerkenwell and Charing Cross. Within the walls it was still to a great extent a city of the Middle Ages, with its ancient churches, many of them Norman and even pre-Norman, numbering 125. These and St. Paul's provided the bells for which London was famous, while the primitive sanitation of the narrow streets and their innumerable connecting alleys and passages produced the not less well-known smells. But the perpetual fight between the City authorities and citizens who were inclined to throw household rubbish into the streets, and to choke up channels with "dung, ordure, sea-coal, ashes, rushes, or any other thing of noisance," was beginning to have some effect, at least in the direction of passably clean streets and water channels. The officers of every ward in the City were responsible for the repair of defective pavements, to see that no porches or penthouses were too low, that stalls did not exceed two and a half feet in breadth, and to watch for anyone who neglected to keep a lantern at his door "with a candle therein burning."

Watch was also kept for any that went "with painted visage," for lepers, for any that sold beer or ale above 1d. per quart and small ale above ½d., and search was regularly made for any Freeman of the City who, against his oath, concealed, covered, or coloured the goods of foreigners contrary to the franchises of the City. These and a thousand other matters under the regular surveyance of the duly-appointed officers were so closely looked after that James Howell, a contemporary writer whose enthusiastic admiration for London was difficult to hold within bounds, was convinced that no city of Europe surpassed it for the excellent manner in which it was governed.

The recreations of Londoners at this time were numerous and exceedingly varied. Shooting at butts was extremely popular, and bowling "upon dainty-pleasant greens" appears to have made its appeal as it does to-day. In the hours of relaxation one saw the young men wrestling, throwing the bar and the stone,

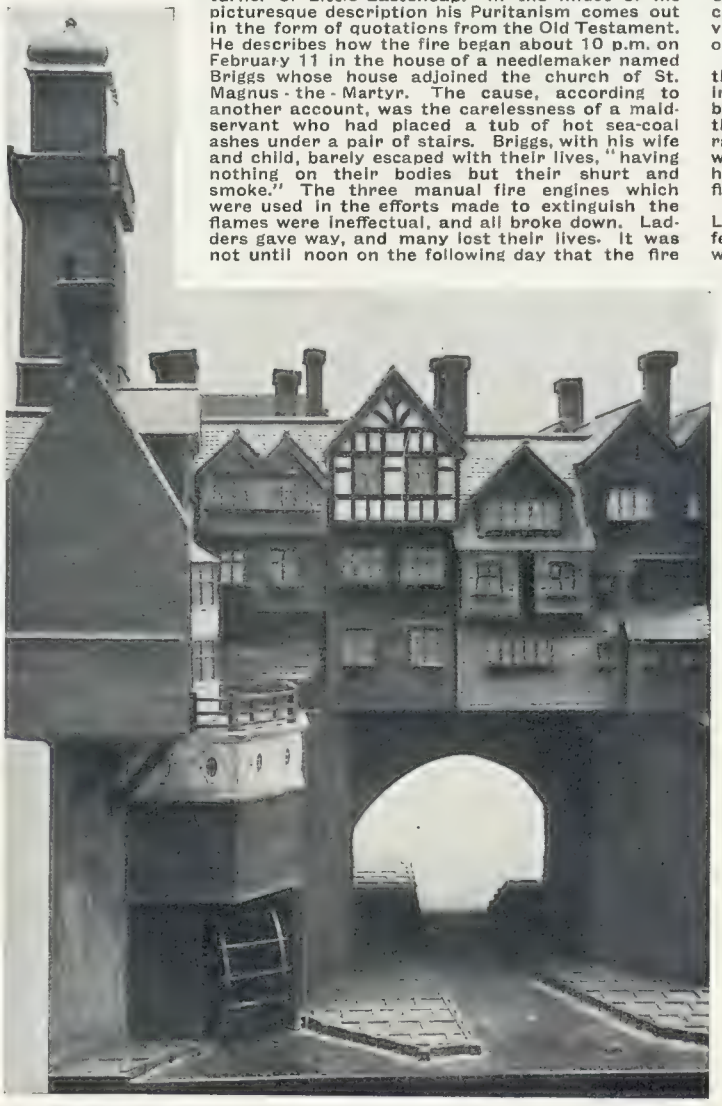
NOTE on the above PICTURE OF LONDON BRIDGE burning

Until the oil painting from which this reproduction has been made came recently into the possession of Major Gordon Home, no one had any knowledge that a representation of this notable event in the history of London had been depicted. The picture had been regarded by its owners during the last century as the work of Antonio Canaletto (1697-1768). It bore on the back of its frame a label to that effect, and the subject was supposed to be the Great Fire of London. In the disaster of 1632–3, shown in the painting, the whole of the houses occupying the northern portion of the Bridge as far as the first opening was destroyed, and when the Great Fire occurred thirty-three years later only a single block, occupying a small portion of the vacant space, had been rebuilt, consequently the flames were unable to reach the houses which the earlier conflagration had left intact. There is extant in the MS. Department of the British Museum an exceedingly interesting record of the 1632–3 fire. It was written by a turner of Little Eastcheap. In the midst of his picturesque description his Puritanism comes out in the form of quotations from the Old Testament. He describes how the fire began about 10 p.m. on February 11 in the house of a needlemaker named Briggs whose house adjoined the church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr. The cause, according to another account, was the carelessness of a maid-servant who had placed a tub of hot sea-coal ashes under a pair of stairs. Briggs, with his wife and child, barely escaped with their lives, "having nothing on their bodies but their shurt and smoke." The three manual fire engines which were used in the efforts made to extinguish the flames were ineffectual, and all broke down. Ladders gave way, and many lost their lives. It was not until noon on the following day that the fire burnt itself out, leaving in the cellars in the piers of the Bridge pockets of smouldering wood and coal which were not finally extinguished until a week later. Wallington describes how on February 19 he picked up "a live coal of fire" in his hand, and that he burnt one of his fingers with it. He concludes his record with a list of the forty-three houses burnt, and the names of their occupants and their trades. There was little wind on the night of the fire, otherwise the outbreak might have spread into the dangerous area of Thames Street where quantities of inflammable goods were stored. Had this happened, the Great Fire might have occurred thirty-three years earlier.

The name of the painter of this remarkable record of a little-known event in the history of London has not been discovered. That the picture is contemporary with the event seems unquestionable. The architectural details of the Bridge, and the costumes of the figures in the boats are in every way correct for the year 1633, while the canvas upon which the picture is painted is obviously of great age; it is so fragile that it is more or less held together by the paint.

There can be little doubt that the picture is the work of a Flemish artist. The skill displayed in the arrangement of the foreground and the balance of the whole subject is so remarkable that there can be no doubt the painter was in the first rank. Alexander Keirrinck and Claude de Jongh were in London about this period, and Van Dyck had his studio at Blackfriars at the time of the fire—all potential sources.

Major Home has loaned the picture to the London Museum for a year, and during the next few weeks, on account of its great interest, it will be placed in the entrance hall.



THE OLD WATERWORKS at the north end of London Bridge. This model, now on view at the London Bridge Centenary Exhibition, Regis House, shows the wheel which pumped up water to the tower which rose to a considerable height above the level of the Tudor houses on old London Bridge

others jumping and running, "some with their dogs at ducking ponds, some riding upon nags, some in coaches to take the fresh air, some at nine-pins, some at stool-ball." This last-mentioned game evidently attracted the maidens of the first half of the seventeenth century and gave rise to adverse comment. It was called a "stradling kind of tomboy sport" which was "not handsome for Mayds." Foreign visitors observed that dancing in a ring was a far more comely exercise for them. Stool-ball is considered to be in some sort an ancestor of cricket, a stool forming the wicket. It appears, however, that no bat was used, the ball being struck with the hand only.

The Londoners of 1632 were, according to Howell, well defended against fire, "for besides the pitched buckets that hang in churches and hall there are divers new engines for that purpose." He regrets, however, that the proclamations of the last two Sovereigns for building with brick had not been better observed, for outbreaks of fire were distressingly frequent.

There were special regulations concerning the building materials employed on London Bridge, brick and stone being only employed for chimney stacks owing to the insecure support for any weight exceeding that of timber. Consequently, the danger of fire was greater on the bridge than in most parts of the City. Little excuse can therefore be found for the carelessness of the maid employed by Mr. John Briggs, a needle-maker, whose house was on the northern end of the Bridge, close to the church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr. It appears that on going to bed on the night of February 13, 1632/3 this maid-servant placed a tub containing "hot sea-coal ashes" under some stairs. Between ten and midnight the house was ablaze, and "Briggs, his wife, and childe, escaped with their lives very hardly, having nothing on their bodies but their shurt and smoke." By very great good fortune the account of the great conflagration which followed, written by an eye-witness named Nehemiah Wallington, has been preserved.

This man was a Puritan and he plied the trade of a turner in Little Eastcheap. His description of the fire is punctuated throughout with his visions of the hand of God. He describes how the fire burnt so fiercely that it could not be quenched until it had burnt the whole of the houses on both sides of the street from the church of St. Magnus to the first open space known as the square. He refers to three engines which were used with great diligence, "yet none of these did prosper, for they were all broken, and the tide was verrie low that they could get no watter." "Some ladders," he adds, "were broke, some had their armes and some their ribbes broken and many lost their lives." Wallington describes how the fire continued to burn all night and part of the next day—"for my man was there about twelve a cloke, and he did see the fardest house on fire"—until a full third of the bridge was burnt out. For the whole of the week wood and coal in the cellars on the bridge continued to smoulder, and if one were inclined to doubt this, Wallington records that on the afternoon of February 19 (the fire began on the 13th) he was on the spot himself and had a live coal of fire in his hand which was so hot that it burnt one of his fingers.

The night of the fire appears to have been almost windless, otherwise, says Wallington, "I thinke it would have indangered ye most part of the Citie; for in Thames Street there is much pitch, tarre, rosen, and oyle in their houses." He follows this with an outburst of thankfulness, "Therefore will I praise the Lord with my whole heart, and I will speake of all Thy marvellous works." Had this pious turner known that the partial burning of the bridge was to be the means of saving the remaining two-thirds and the whole of Southwark in the Great Fire of London, which began within a stone's throw of the same spot thirty-three years later, his gratitude for the fire itself would justifiably have been even more fervent for, owing to the disturbed conditions due to the Civil War, the greater part of the vacant space had not been rebuilt in 1666.

Besides having to thank Wallington for his stirringly detailed account of the fire, we are indebted to him for the glimpse he gives us of life on the bridge in the form of a complete list of the names of all the tenants of the houses which were burnt and the nature of their trades. Thus at No. 1 it appears that Mr. William Vyner was a haberdasher of small wares; No. 16, where hung the sign of "The Blew Bore," was empty, and next door Mr. John Gouer was a "stiller of strong waters." The list is of exceptional interest, for it antedates the earliest directory of London by nearly a half century, and it throws a vivid light upon the nature of the goods sold on the northern portion of the bridge at that time.

The pageantry of London in the first decades of the seventeenth century, if lacking the splendour of the age of the Tudors, was still able to blossom forth into a pleasing display when each new Lord Mayor entered into his year of office. There exists a remarkable record in which is shown the procession of a mayor belonging to the Fishmongers' Company who held office in 1616. From this admirably detailed drawing it is possible to go back to the days when the mayors rode on horseback. The streets of the City along the route chosen for the procession were specially strewn with fresh gravel on these great civic occasions as they have been ever since, a custom ancient even then, for the records at the Guildhall refer to freshly gravelled streets far back in the Middle Ages.

It is fortunate for those who wish to re-create the London of this period that Hollar was busily occupied in depicting the city at this time. His bird's-eye view of London before the fire shows at a glance the extension to the north along the two great roadways leading from Aldgate and Bishopsgate and the fairly well-filled areas of Finsbury and Holborn. Westward from the Fleet River the extension formed a compact parallelogram with its boundaries limited by the Thames on the south, the Fleet on the east, the Haymarket on the west, and Theobald's Road on the north. Extending towards Westminster from this new London was the beautiful riverside quarter of Whitehall with the Palace of Westminster and the Abbey surrounded by its borough, then restricted to what was once Thorney Island.

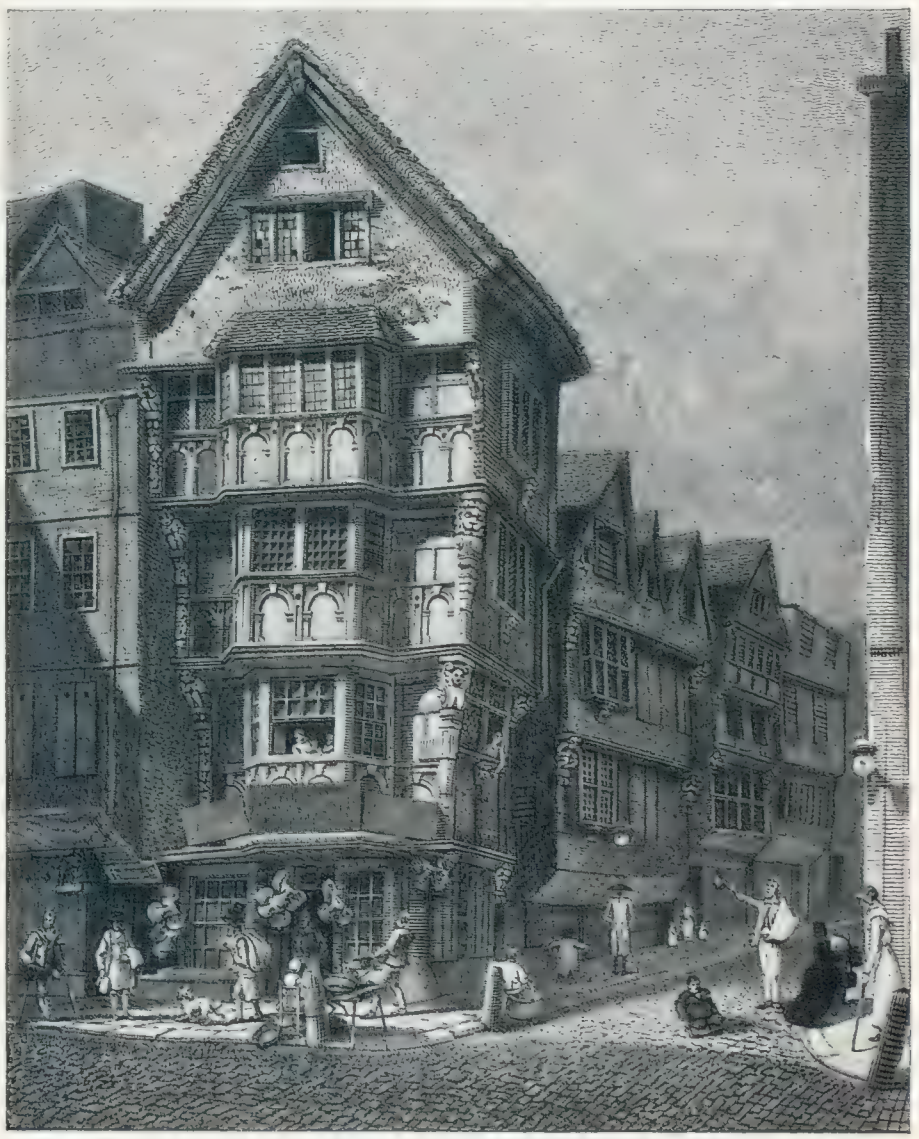
South London consisted of little besides the ancient nucleus of Southwark, with a windmill marking its limits in St. George's Fields, while along the river front east and west of London Bridge extended the waterside quarter, including Bankside with its theatres and houses of ill-repute and Ratcliffe—then known as Redriff—the haunt of sailors and those connected with the victualling of ships.

In addition to the plan made by Hollar there are his remarkable bird's-eye views carried out with such faithfulness that in the foregrounds at least we can almost walk in the streets of the London which delighted the eye of Continental visitors in the first half of the seventeenth century. To anyone wishing to obtain an accurate impression of the western extension of London at that period it is only necessary to study Hollar's plan of what is now the western central district of London. There one can see the reason why Lincoln's Inn Fields are so called, the smaller field to the south of the present open space being then not built upon.

At that period St. Giles's Fields were on the edge of open country, and were surrounded on two sides with gardens only. The melancholy fate which eventually overcame this area is in no way foreshadowed in this attractive bird's-eye view. The regular planning of Covent Garden with St. Paul's Church facing the rectangular piazza shows that, at the time of its building, what is now the central market for London's supply of fruit and vegetables possessed the delightful atmosphere of an Italian town. In its early years the open space was unencumbered with the buildings which now to a great extent fill it and almost entirely disguise its features.

Along the river side south of the Strand the town houses of some of the greatest families in England were ranged in stately fashion with formal gardens sloping down to the water side. Arundel House, Somerset House, the Savoy Palace, and Salisbury House filled nearly all the space between St. Clement Danes Church, at the foot of Drury Lane, and the site of the present Charing Cross Station. The whole of this area may be pictured as containing no architecture which was not satisfying to the eye. A great deal of it had been erected in the days of Elizabeth, more in those of James I, and what remained was newly-built in the reign of Charles I, whose unconstitutional acts were paving the way for the Civil War which was soon to bring a temporary paralysis on the development of the Capital.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 300 YEARS AGO: This entertaining model shows the period when the Lord Mayor used to ride to his show on horseback. The actual date of this procession was 1616, when Alderman Lemon had just become Lord Mayor of London. He is here shown as the second equestrian figure. This model is also on exhibition at Regis House, London Bridge



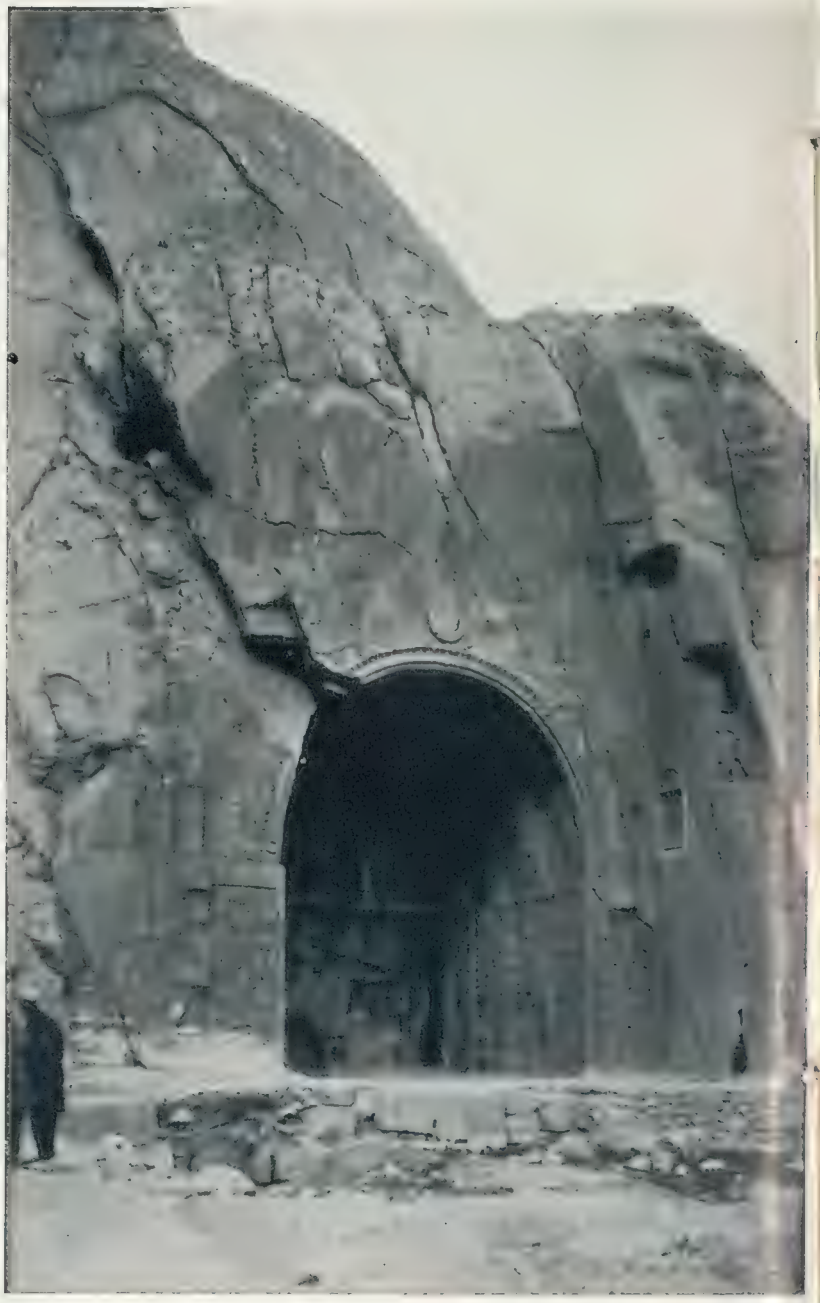
OLD FLEET STREET AND CHANCERY LANE 300 YEARS AGO: This etching, by J. T. Smith, shows a timber and plaster building with overhanging storeys which stood at the corner of Chancery Lane 300 years ago. These old houses were removed in May, 1799, in order to widen the thoroughfare. It was from the top corner of this old city house that, by mechanical means, several cherubs flew down to greet Queen Elizabeth when she paid a visit to Thomas Gresham

PERSIA — The GARDEN of the

Captain Owen Tweedy, a Special "Sphere" Commissioner, Gives a Personal Narrative of a Trip from Syria to the Caspian

THE ROAD TO PERSEPOLIS: Persepolis lies some thirty miles north of Shiraz, sheltered under a grim mountain range. The picture shows one of the four pilasters of the Porch of Xerxes. Each pilaster is some 36 ft. high and the bull figures are made in four blocks set one above another

THE ROCK OF BISITUN: Forty miles east of Kermanshah on the road to Hamadan, a razor-backed mountain range ends in the Rock of Bisitun. It towers 1,500 ft. above the plain and, seen from the east, might be Gibraltar



THE ARCH OF THE GARDEN: Just beyond Kermanshah are the first sculptured remains of antiquity which the Persian traveller meets. They celebrate the person of the Sassanian monarch, Chosroes II. Although the monument suffered from Arab vandalism it is still in wonderful preservation

THE MUSJID I SHAH: Ispahan, though no longer the capital of Persia, is incomparably its most beautiful and, historically, its most interesting town. Its greatness dates from the time when Shah Abbas the Great made it his capital

ORIENT

THE ROAD TO TEHERAN! Within the arch, the wall ahead is occupied by mural representations of King Chosroes himself, the lower memorial being an equestrian statue of the King, both the horse and its rider being covered with a magnificent suit of mail. On either side are mural tablets of superb workmanship, showing the life of the king. The tablet which appears in this picture depicts a royal deer hunt

PERSIAN BATHS: These are the same as Turkish baths in principle and are built half underground

THE ROAD TO TABRIZ: All the great high roads of Persia are carpet-roads. The expedition met camel caravans, covered wagon caravans, lorry caravans, and even human caravans. This is a small mixed donkey and horse caravan

THE OLDEST HISTORICAL MONUMENT IN THE WORLD: The ruins of Rhey or Rhaghes. Its foundation is connected with the Patriarch Seth; the apocryphal Tobias visited Raghes from Nineveh; Darius and Alexander campaigned here; Arsaces, the founder of the Parthian Empire, made it his capital in 250 B.C. But its greatest fame was during the Arab domination

The goal and climax of my nine thousand mile trek which, beginning in Cairo in February of this year, was to end there five months later in June, was a first visit to Persia; and with Jerusalem, Aleppo, Mosul and Bagdad behind us, we were struggling through a young sandstorm towards the Persian frontier.

We were a tiny, rather sketchy and very amateur unit of two—Captain Shepheard Welwyn and myself—and our transport was an ordinary light commercial lorry in which we lived and cooked and slept. It was our "home on wheels," and like the camel we existed on our hump. Persia is ideal for such travel; and for two perfect months, in which we covered four thousand miles, we lived the happy-go-lucky life of the road.

Between Bagdad and Teheran, three passes where our aneroid registered 8,500 ft. taught us the pitfalls of the Persian road; but simultaneously Persia began to teach us itself. Customs were easy—you buy a travel permit by the day on the coupon system; but the police and soldiery were more exacting. Every village had its Dogberry who positively ached to know our parents' Christian names, while just outside Kermanshah the army did us the honour of commandeering us and our lorry for troop transport. But we moved; and after we were initiated into Old Persia—Tagh-i-Bustan, with its superb Sassanian bas-reliefs; Bisitun, with its trilingual tablets telling of the triumphs of Darius which, when translated, revealed the secret of cuneiform script; and Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, where Ahasuerus and Esther, Haman and Mordecai spent their summer seasons.

And so, after a hard ten days, to Teheran. It was frankly anti-climax. A pretentious façade of new boulevards hides a rabbit warren of a town which is unlovely and commonplace.

So we were glad to be off on the second stage of our journey, over the snowclad Elburz watershed and down 6,000 ft. to the Caspian. It is a fine sea with fine rollers; its littoral is intriguing, jungle yielding to vast rice-growing flats; and its people, oft-hand, maybe, and unsophisticated, do respond to the stranger's smile.

Only, however, when we left Teheran again for Shiraz did we get a real idea of Persia. In my youth I used to warble of "Persian Gardens" and "Persian Nightingales," and thought all Persia was a paradise. The reverse is the case. Seven-eighths of the country is sheer desert. True that, until the accession of the present Shah, the place was a paradise—for bandits. But now the road is reassuringly patrolled throughout by the jolliest police force in the East; and without a qualm we passed from Kum to Ispahan, still lovely in decay; on to Persepolis, where Xerxes held his durbars and Alexander feasted; and finally to Shiraz, our farthest south.

The Opening of the Ethiopian Parliament: *The Emperor in his regalia at the State ceremony held on the first anniversary of his coronation. The costumes vary from the sublime to the ridiculous. The young figure in the foreground is the Emperor's son*

The End of the "Nautilus": *A picture just received from Bergen showing the sinking of the Vernesque submarine in which the first polar under water journey was attempted. It has been formally stated the* Nautilus *was only a trial vessel and she was sunk*

A Rumanian Appeal: *Colonel Gabriel Marinesco, Police Commissioner of Bucharest, addresses the huge mass meeting of Government employees which demonstrated against wage reduction and income-tax increase. Police dispersed the meeting with rifles*

Welcome to the Deliverers: *Although the British troops were requested to come to the aid of Kashmir by the Hindu authorities, who feared the Muslim majority, the arrival of the forces was hailed with delight by the Muhammadans as these notices show. The impartiality of the British Raj is an asset to all the sects of India*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on

The WORLD at Large

L'AIGLON PROVES AN EAGLE. — General Chang Hsueh-liang, the "Tiger's Cub," Dictator of Manchuria, stands out against the sombre background of the sinister Manchurian war, aureoled in the romance of youth. His father, Chang Tso-lin, the fierce old "Tiger of Manchuria," was murdered three years ago, bequeathing the "Young General" a legacy of war and strife. Few at the time imagined that Chang Hsueh-liang would be equal to his inherited task. The press had him as a "nervous wreck," sickly, weak in body and morale. With the passing of the "Tiger," they saluted the passing of the spirit. That is where the young war-lord proved them all wrong. One of his first actions was to disembarrass himself of two of his father's most trusted advisers, whose paternal solicitude he resented, and whom, later, he suspected of treachery. Yang Yu-ting and Chang Yin-huai shared similar fates—execution by a firing squad. His set policy is to surround himself with capable, energetic young men in sympathy with his own modern and progressive ideas. Finding that his education was deficient in some subjects, he asked the professors of the North-Eastern University to teach him. He sent his wife to study at the North-Eastern University, which is co-educational. In curious contrast to his passion for gambling and alleged indulgence in opium-smoking, the young general is an enthusiastic patron of sport and athletics. He plays tennis and golf, delights in dancing. The warrior rôle which he is playing in the Manchurian struggle is worthy of the old Tiger; his statesmanship — of a man twice his age. "He is not the ordinary son of a great man," even his critics declare, "an elusive, conflicting personality, making it next to impossible to produce a portrait of him true to life."

Killed, dead, discovered alive again, innumerable times, by press and rumour, he is just as much alive as a dashing young war-lord might romantically be expected to be.

THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN.— The Briton is an astonishing individual. Unique in the world, I should say, for balance and common sense. Faced with unprecedented economic crises, depreciated currency, prospect of inevitable rise in the cost of living, overshadowed by looming January income-tax, he plods stolidly along, unhysterical and philosophically. Just returned from North Africa and Italy, I was giving account of my travels to the Editor of THE SPHERE. "Write us something about England for once," he said.

"England is carrying on in a way that surprises even us," an important member of Coutts' Bank told me in the City. "I believe that the British people now fully realize the gravity of the present situation. Any illusions they may have had, following press strategy to avoid possibility of panic, have certainly been dispelled from the individual weeks ago. Yet our clients, big and small, manifest sturdy determination to see things through. Useless to pretend that harder times are not ahead. No one more than the banker realizes just how hard it is going to be all round. Tariffs and the stabilization of the pound will provoke situations requiring painful and difficult adjustment. Our study and records of the psychology of the British public extend back for generations, through every degree of prosperity and stress, yet still leave us lost in admiration at the steadiness of the present generation."

The banker referred to the fact that this year has been the record since 1922 for national saving. In one branch of saving alone—purchase of Savings Certificates—statistics for 1930–1 show an increase of 10,467,822 certificates purchased in excess of the number last year. Although there was considerable increase in the sales of certificates of higher denominations, indications of the returning and spreading habit of national thrift were registered by the greatly increased sales of single certificate and those of lower denominations.

"Women are more inclined to save in small amounts than are men," the bank official continued. "Small and regular investments through all channels have been on the increase as women handle more and more of the family budget."

"Women purchase 85 per cent. of the goods sold in the store," Mr. Gordon Selfridge told me in the West End. "I can quite understand how the sum of small savings has swelled this year. First of all, the general public is buying cheaper goods. While the actual number of customers has not diminished, periodical calculations reveal that they are spending less *per capita*. They economize both in the price they wish to pay and in the utility of their purchases. We notice a difference even in the restaurant. Customers order smaller meals. But there are two aspects to that," he smiled, "economy on the one hand and slimming on the other. A comparison of food consumption in our restaurant and tea-rooms before and since dieting became fashionable would surprise you."

In the extra care and thought which women are giving to home economics Mr. Selfridge sees the basis of the salvation of the nation.

WOMEN MORE THRIFTY THAN MEN.—In America the women are doing eighty-five per cent. of the banking that is done in the savings departments to-day, according to the National Association of Bank Women.

"Since women are handling the family exchequer, considerably more money is going into the banks than it did when their husbands were captains of the family finances," says Miss Jane Langthorne, chairman of the committee for the ninth convention of the Association. "The old theory that credited women with plenty of spending ability, and little or no saving genius has had its day. Most women have a definite objective towards which they are saving, and quite frequently they save in spite of their husbands."

The formidable place which women occupy in the economic life of the American nation is well illustrated by figures recently published by the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labour. The Bureau has roughly estimated the spending power of the 11,000,000 women workers, and places their expenditure at a minimum of 10 dollars a week. There are more than 26,000,000 married women in the country, of whom ten per cent. are gainfully employed. These married workers, the Bureau calculates, spend more than 1,000,000,000 dollars annually. William M. Steuart, Director of the Census, gives the number of women engaged in housekeeping as 23,000,000, with most of them doing the major part of the work. Including the housekeepers, the Census Director estimates that ninety per cent. of American women could be classified as employed. While the minimum expenditure of women workers has been placed at 10 dollars a week, the minimum wage need for women workers in New York is set at 25 dollars by a Commission of Enquiry headed by Miss Frances Perkins, State Commissioner of the Department of Labour. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt was appointed counsel for the Aviation Corporation of the United States at Washington in 1929 at the record salary, for a woman, of about 50,000 dollars a year.

THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD.—"France, the centre of the world, comparatively poor in man-power, owes her material prosperity to immigration," declared the French journalist, Paul Rimbault, quoting the famous lines, "Every man has two countries—his own, and France. . . ."

Imported workmen swelled the depleted ranks of France's industrial and agricultural population during the War. Immigrants have been employed in large numbers to repair the devastated regions, to develop the Brie basin, restore and cultivate the South-west territory. Where immigrant families have settled permanently, as they have been doing for generations, consequent intermarriage strengthens and vitalizes the race.

During the last eighty years the number of foreign workmen installed in France and controlled at the frontiers has risen from 379,289 in 1851 to 3,300,000 this year. These figures do not include individual immigrants or the border populations who work in France during the day and recross the frontier to their homes at night. One in thirteen of the inhabitants of France is a "controlled" foreigner. In 1914 the three services, "Colonial Workers," "Foreign Labourers," and "Agricultural Labourers" were organized, importing some 422,000 selected foreign workmen, of whom 130,000 came from North Africa. At the end of the War this immigration movement had to be regulated. While some were repatriated many remained. France concluded immigration and emigration agreements with Poland, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Rumania, Austria, and Hungary, regarding the privileges and obligations of nationals.

It is quite true that France has ever been a magnet for the foreigner, from the Middle Ages to modern times. France's 3,300,000 foreign workers had their predecessors in the Italian weavers installed at Lyons by Louis XI, and the Dutch, Venetians, and Saxons whom Louis XIV encouraged to France to ply their trades as cloth weavers, lace-makers, and leather workers.

"For Past and Present"

DEWAR'S

"White Label"

WHISKY

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

REINCARNATION

Once you went veiled—as befitted divine Princesses,
Whose fabulous Beauty blinded a mortal man;
You walked by the Palace Fountains in golden dresses
And slave-girls shielded your face with a sacred fan.

Now you return to an Age grown careless and glaring
And your loveliness dwells enshrined in my secret heart;
The stir of your brilliant fan sets the bold world staring,
But Abdulla's Incense shall wrap you in veils—apart.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

BRICK CARVING

The new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is to be decorated in a new medium—brick carving. Mr. Eric Kennington is executing a series of five allegorical panels on the exterior. Instead of being carved in a studio and then placed in position, the work is being carried out *in situ*, that questions of light and shade can be more satisfactorily settled. Brick carving requires a more delicate touch than stone carving owing to the tendency of bricks to break away and to vary in hardness. The bricks have to be specially made

THE CHISEL EMPLOYED: Mr. Eric Kennington at work on the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. The work takes a more delicate touch than stone carving owing to the texture of the bricks

"LOVE": A completed panel in the new medium of brick carving. The bricks have to be specially fashioned before the carving is even begun by the artist

"JOLLITY": A close-up view of the fantastic allegorical figure—one of five panels—carved on the wall of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, by Mr. Eric Kennington

CHESS FACES

CONCENTRATION: Two contestants against Miss Vera Menchik, the woman champion, who played sixteen simultaneous games against strong club players in Bayswater

HESITATION: This player, who has already castled on the King's side, waits with poised hand before making a move. A piece once touched has perforce to be moved, if in any way possible

DELIBERATION: Two studies of the chess face. One black Bishop seems to have been a particularly vulnerable piece in many of the games, while Miss Menchik has never opened her Queen early

DECISION: Miss Vera Menchik moves a Knight in one of her sixteen simultaneous games. She lost none of the games, won fourteen, and drew two—a remarkable effort for any champion

"Simultaneous chess"—the playing of several matches at once—is a demonstration that has been given by many champions, but it is seldom that a woman has done it—at any rate, so successfully as Miss Vera Menchik, the present woman champion, who has just played simultaneously sixteen matches (with fourteen victories and no defeats) at the Empire Social Chess Club, Bayswater. The game is productive of remarkable facial aspects of concentration, a few of which appear above

SUBMARINE CONTORTIONISTS

The quest for the novel in things theatrical becomes more and more difficult of attainment, but a team of two contortionists from Paris, named the Spurgats, has succeeded therein. These two remarkable exponents of their art have discovered a secret preparation of some fatty substance which, under unusual lighting and with the aid of new stage effects, gives the impression that their evolutions are performed under water. They come to London at Christmas after a triumphant tour of the capitals of the Continent

THE CRYSTAL MIRACLE: An amazing evolution performed by the Spurgats, who, by means of exotic stage lighting, give their turn the aspect of being performed in the depths of the sea

LAOCOON RECALLED: The anguished pose of the famous group in the Vatican is hinted at in this extraordinary formation, executed, under remarkable lights, by the Spurgats, the Parisian contortionists

A SENSATION IN EVERY CAPITAL: The Spurgats, who have already created a furore in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and Rome, are paying an eagerly anticipated visit to London at Christmas

BOOKS—

The Eclectic Burglar: Autobiographies de Luxe: Chanties Preserved: A Notable Sequel

By CECIL ROBERTS

The overcrowded ranks of our burglars have been joined lately by some extremely intelligent recruits who have displayed admirable taste in their pilferings. Perhaps one day we shall be invited to dine with one of them and discover ourselves in an apartment furnished with the greatest distinction. Old Masters, fine silver, and one or two of those Adam's fireplaces stolen from Bedford Square and the Adelphi, will provide an admirable setting, but perhaps the best entertainment will not come from our host's stolen Rolls-Royce or Veuve Clicquot but from his delectable library furnished with the choicest rare editions.

I should imagine that the rarest of these books would prove to be *The Greenwood Hat*, the privately printed autobiography of Sir James Barrie, which has just been stolen from the Henrietta Street office of Mr. Peter Davies, a publisher of admirable and eclectic taste, who is Sir James's godson. He is one of a family of orphaned boys in whom Sir James took a great interest and from whom he derived the data of childhood fancies that went to the making of *Peter Pan*. I see that Mr. Peter Davies is to marry the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, one of the famous Society twins. I suggest to the burglar that the return of *The Greenwood Hat* would make a most admirable wedding present.

There are only twenty copies of this book in existence. I have been privileged to read one of them, through the kindness of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who almost took out an insurance policy on my life before allowing me to bear his copy away. I also had to promise to make no quotations and say very little about it. I am not a first edition fan. I have given away all my first editions of Norman Douglas, etc. I have read but never ached to possess that ridiculously over-rated book by Lawrence the Invisible, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. It seems to me that the only value of many of these first editions is their rarity and not their literary merit. I was inclined to think that *The Greenwood Hat* might prove a similar fiasco, for I have never been able to find any merit in Barrie the novelist, who is dreary in contrast with Barrie the dramatist of genius. But I was greatly surprised. It is sad that *The Greenwood Hat* should be withheld from the public. It is the cream of Barrie, written with a frankness of confession, a tenderness of tribute to his early days, a shrewdness of judgment of his times, that make it a work of absorbing charm and merit. Perhaps the burglar felt this. I feel that he broke into Mr. Davies's office for money and, finding *The Greenwood Hat* in the safe, began reading it. It may be his charitable intention to sell a cheap, pirated edition. If so, I shall find it hard to condemn him.

How honourable these books make us? I could have had a typewritten copy made of the book loaned to me, and have acquired that dubious attraction among my friends such as some owners of unpublished and unpublishable works often achieve. The description of Sir James Barrie's arrival at St. Pancras Station, in the first act of conquering London, I hold in my memory now, so vivid, so essentially Barriesque is it. But the little green, leather-bound book, inscribed "To E. V. L. from J. M. B." must remain sealed. Awful thought — if my house had been burgled that week-end! And would E. V. L. have believed me? Happily, the thought never occurred to me to burgle myself, or I might have fallen into crime.

And why *The Greenwood Hat* for title? Well, when James Barrie descended upon London he bought a top hat in order to impress as a contributor, an editor, Mr. Greenwood. But before entering the august presence the hat was taken charge of by an office boy, so the grand entrance was never made. A true Barrie touch, and a fortunate mischance. London was to see much of that abnormally broad brow in the next forty years.

Sir James Barrie, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Thomas Lipton. The last two have published autobiographies this week. I have seen a little of each of these men. Three men more different in the shape of human flesh and mental endowment it would be impossible to imagine. I crossed the Atlantic with Sir Oliver, both of us bound on an American lecture tour. I was present at his first lecture in the Carnegie Hall. He had achieved notoriety with his spiritualistic book *Raymond*. Two thousand excited women flocked to the hall to see him raise spooks. He refused; he let down their spirits. They found a scientist, not a charlatan; a sober discourse, not a hair-raising revelation. I sat in a box with Lady Lodge, and I remember the complaint of the lecture agent. "If he doesn't make something happen, these women'll kick." Well, they did not kick; he held them and rebuked them. Never did I admire the Grand Old Man more than when, in the middle of his lecture, irritated by a woman knitting in the front stalls, he stopped and asked her to pay attention or leave the hall. What courage!

Reading this book, *Past Years*, by Sir Oliver Lodge (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.), courage seems to have been the keynote of a long life devoted to scientific exploration. When Austen Chamberlain offered him the post of Principal at Birmingham University he made it a condition of acceptance that he should be free to continue his researches and express his views upon psychic phenomena. He knew that England thought he was crazy, but to him the truth was above public opinion. His married life has been another act of courage. He has reared a family of twelve children, six boys and six girls. Their united family life, without a rift, has excited the curiosity and admiration of all. To-day, in a Wiltshire garden, a golden wedding behind them, Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge take their ease.

His services to our age have not all been in the abstract realm of thought. Every time I lift the bonnet of my car six plugs bear his name. I estimate he is moving a third of the traffic of the United Kingdom.

The man himself has met and had friendships with the best minds in England. The passages on those gatherings at *Clouds*, that house now passing from the Wyndham family, in which he describes the week-end parties, made one sad at the thought of the leisured culture that has gone from us. It was there he met A. J. Balfour, grateful for "this glimpse into the life of what I still consider to be the highest stratum in Society. Arthur Balfour was certainly the most brilliant and broadly-educated man with whom I had ever come into contact." Sir Oliver makes excursions into modern politics with apologies, but here is no die-hard mind.

He is adventurously modern, for instance, on the subject of disarmament. "The atmosphere of distrust cannot last forever; and the country that shows a lead in real disarmament will earn the gratitude of the world." He even goes so far as to advocate the disbandment of the Army and Navy. There are some of us not yet old enough to feel so young. This is a noble, sober book, hard but good reading, and stimulating in every page.

There is a superb finale, in the chapter *Apologia Pro Vita Mea*—"On the whole it seems to me that things have worked together for good; and I hope I have fulfilled the niche intended for me in the progress of mankind. . . . Forward, then, into the unknown!"

When one went to dine with Sir Tommy Lipton, as he liked to be called, you walked into a London house of Oriental magnificence with Cingalese servants in native costume. One felt like quoting Browning, "four Titians on the wall. And twenty naked girls to

(Continued on p. 488)

SPECIALLY SELECTED

"Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury," by Lady Gwendolen Cecil. (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. net.) The fourth volume covering the years 1887-1892.

"The Stream of Time," by Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Bodley Head. 18s. net.) Illustrated review of Social and Domestic Life in England, 1805-1861.

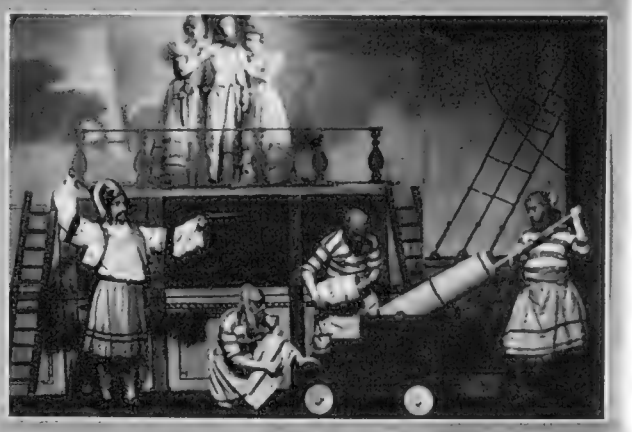
"British Artists and the War," by John Rothenstein. (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d. net.) Sixty-five reproductions of war pictures by contemporary artists.

"The Most Unfortunate Day of My Life," by Maria Edgeworth. (Cobden-Sanderson, 4s. 6d. net.) An unpublished story told for children in her delightful style.

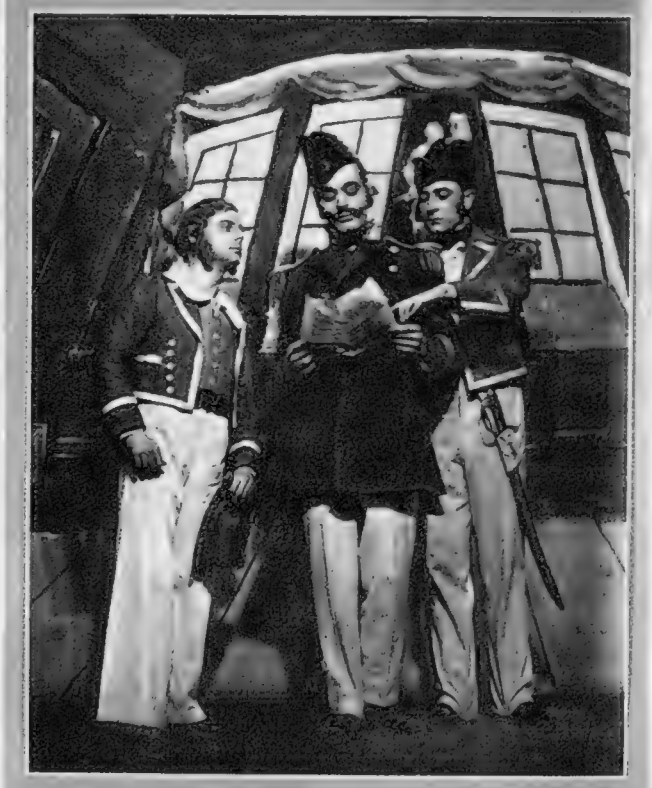
"The Gold Tangle and the Way Out," by Frederick and Alfred Wigglesworth. (Bodley Head, 5s. net).

THE AUTHOR OF A BOOK OF THE MONTH: Miss Kate O'Brien whose novel, set in Ireland, *Without a Cloak*, created a considerable pre-publication sensation

HAND TO HAND: The Red Rover (right) indulges in a little cutlass play on the pirate ship—one of the most desperate of stage fights with True Blue Lieut. Gage



PREPARING FOR A FIGHT TO THE DEATH: A scene on the pirate ship before the encounter with H.M.S. *Thunderer*, while the ladies aloft pray for deliverance from a fate worse than death!



VICE DEFEATED, VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT: The Captain, the Lieutenant, and the jolly Jack Tar—all personnel of the good ship *Thunderer*—rejoice over the final defeat of the Red Rover

"THE RED ROVER'S REVENGE"

The Gate Theatre has followed its Teutonic production *Reigen* with a mock-melodrama of double-edged pirates and immaculate British sailors. This is presented in the traditional blood and thunder fashion and is great fun

—PLAYS

Coney Hatch at the Criterion: Coward on Critics: The Superb Grandfather

By PHILIP PAGE

DID JOAN REALLY DIE? The farmer's wife and the Sister canvass the possibility of the return of Joan of Arc after her martrydom at Rouen—a possibility exploited by several impostors

THE MIRACLE: The false Joan effects a conjuring trick by means of pre-information to convince her converts that she is, in fact, the resurrected martyr

THE METALLIC TEST: The lover tests the authenticity of the self-styled Joan and finds his doubts confirmed when she proves her inability to assume armour unaided

"PASSING THROUGH LORRAINE"

The Arts Theatre Club's new production deals in the comic spirit with the phenomenon that France became, after the death of Joan of Arc, full of young women claiming to be her *revenante* in the flesh

"If there's one thing I dislike above all others it is facetiousness," says one of the characters in *Flat to Let*, a new comedy at the Criterion. The author, Mr. Arthur Macrae, must have a strange penchant for self-inflicted torture, and were he in India instead of in England would probably be sitting on spikes or swinging by the ankles in the hot sun over a smoky fire. For *Flat to Let* is the most facetious play I have seen for a long time. Indeed, apart from the devastating facetiousness of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, there has probably never been another play like it, and I trust that any comments I have to offer will not be coloured by the fact that I endorse so heartily the above remark.

It is a bright little play. Very bright. And very little. But at its bright lines—and there are plenty of them—one does not laugh. One giggles. One titters. One sniggers. And if there is another verb of the type one does it. But willingly would I have exchanged a score of near-laughs for one real one.

However, Mr. Macrae can claim credit for much, principally for having, as a very young man, written a three-act comedy about nothing at all without boring his audience. At one moment boredom came near—when a middle-aged man kept on keeping on his attempt to propose to a middle-aged woman who "quite enormously" (as Mr. E. F. Benson would say) enjoyed pretending not to listen to him, and prolonging the predicament until strong males pulled out their watches and cursed their fate at having a seat in the middle of a row and far distant from the bar. But, beyond his persistent facetiousness, this was Mr. Macrae's sole lapse. His play tells us, as far as it tells us anything, of the madly improbable doings of a family called Coney who live in a flat in Westminster. The flat is curiously constructed in that Miss Coney's bedroom opens out of the drawing-room. There are two excellent reasons for this. The first is that it provides the only situation in the play. The second is that it is the sole way of arranging that there shall be no change of scenery, which would have led to additional expense and, in all probability, effectively prevented *Flat to Let* ever being produced at the Criterion.

Nearly everyone in this strange flat—the Coney hatch, as it were—is engaged or about to become engaged. An exception is Mr. Reginald Gardiner, whose engagement is broken off. What a tragic life Mr. Gardiner must lead if he is not really facetious at all! In play after play he is condemned to turn out facetiousness of the same brand. Being an uncommonly good actor he can do it very successfully. Miss Lilian Braithwaite floated gracefully through the play as a muddle-headed but gloriously amusing matron; her art in making much, though not too much, out of little is consummate. Mr. Athole Stewart gave an air of easy distinction to a grey-haired peer with the impossible title of Lord Java, and Miss Ann Todd was very charming and pretty and English. But she must guard against being kittenish. With precious little to say or to do (beyond wearing an attractive green dress) Miss Eileen Peel seemed to dominate the entire stage on the rare occasions on which she was permitted to appear on it. Is this what is known as "personality"? Or is it that which Mrs. Glyn calls by a shorter name? Or was it only the green dress?

THE SMALL THEATRES

Quite apart from the many great theatres of London, there is a group of what used to be known as "coterie" theatres which specialize in presenting plays which are "caviare to the general" in many cases. Of these, the Arts Theatre Club is the acknowledged leader. Many of its productions have graduated to the West End while some of them—for example, the French importation, *Maya*, remained unseen save by its small and select audience. The Gate is another of these private theatres. Their productions have ranged from O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* to their penultimate play, *Reigen*, which, though German in origin, outdid in frankness any play from France. There is also a Sunday evening club connected with the Embassy Theatre and the "G." Club run in affiliation with the Grafton Theatre. In addition to these absolutely private theatres, there is a group of playhouses, headed by the Everyman, which are betwixt and between the intellectual and the commercial theatres. Most Sunday evening play Societies, however, produce at West-end houses

MISS GINA MALO who plays with distinction in *Viktoria and Her Hussar* at the Palace—the play in which so many importations have won reputations

I have been reading Mr. Noel Coward's *Collected Sketches and Lyrics*. With the exception of the burlesque on the Sitwells, entitled *The Swiss Family Whittlebot* (I am glad, by the way, to see that he has made up his squabble with the Sitwells) they do not read particularly well. But the author is charmingly apologetic about them, suggests that they might rest, and explains why in a preface that is worth the whole of the rest of the book put together. Mr. Coward shows he can beat Mr. Shaw at the game of writing a long, explanatory *Vorspiel* to a published play. There is in this preface a not unexpected dig at the critics, who, except in the case of *Sirocco* (which deserved all the kicks it got), have for the most part been remarkably favourable to Mr. Coward. But we none of us mind—I certainly do not—when the digging is done with the delicate devilment that Mr. Coward employs. In giving advice to the budding writer of revues, he says:

"If, upon reading the notices in the newspapers after the first night, it is found that different critics take exception to different scenes, you can safely predict a successful run. If all the critics unanimously take exception to one particular scene it is advisable to move that scene to a more conspicuous place in the programme. If, on the other hand, no particular critic dislikes any particular scene, and they all unite in praising the whole production, it either means that you have such a good show that they haven't the face to attack it, or such a bad show that they like it. In either case it will probably be a failure."

For long winter evenings Mr. Coward suggests two possibilities for recreation. In referring to his published lyrics he points out that, although they may not appear to scan on paper, they scan all right when fitted to their music. "In the case of those for whom the music has not been published," he writes, "I suggest that the reader makes up a little rhythm in his own head to fit the words. This occupation might conceivably pass many a long winter evening very unpleasantly."

"As to the sketches," he adds, "if some of these appear to finish rather abruptly that is the moment when the reader is expected to rock with laughter. A fuller effect might be obtained by reading the sketches aloud with one hand on the electric light switch and on the last line plunging the room in darkness, thereby achieving, as near as possible a 'Black Out!'"

There are two eminent actors on the London stage whose strong suit is the fact that they are indefatigably lovable. One is Mr. Bobby Howes, whose lovableness takes the form of promoting in every woman the desire to mother him. The other is Mr. Horace Hodges who, conversely, makes most people want to claim him for a grandfather.

In accordance with the accepted fashion, I have had two grandfathers—one I never knew and the other I never liked. But were I disposed to take a third, I would certainly like to be grandfathered by Mr. Hodges. Go and see him in the new play at the Royalty, *Champion North*, and you will realize why. Go and see him, for that matter, in any play. It is simple stuff, this story by Theodora Wilson Wilson, and it seems to need an extra Act. Possibly if there had been just one more Wilson we would have had it. But what there is of the play is very clean and decent and Christmas-storyfied. The scene is Westmorland, on the dialect of which I am not an authority.

To the untutored ear it appeared that the players were just Eden Phillpottering about all over the place. But this did not affect the fact that the maximum of charm and the very minimum of subtlety were extracted from situations involving a squire's daughter, a bishop's son, cricket, a birthday-cake, and an elderly village shopkeeper who goes in for dog-breeding. This last is, of course, played by Mr. Hodges, who knows every trick of this type of job. By that I do not for one moment mean to imply that Mr. Hodges' performance is all trickery and no art. He is a fine artist, though his canvases are small. But he would probably agree that this querulous, eccentric, but kindly and adorable old man is no great test of his powers. Miss Diana Churchill plays the squire's daughter—nice, healthy country-girl type, not without charm, yet at present a little overwhelming.

MODES of the HUNTING FIELD

Distinguished Ladies at Four Crack Hunts Display the Latest Fashions in the Sporting Set

WITH THE BELVOIR AT EASTWELL: Miss Marjorie Leigh, Lady Conyers, and Mrs. Jenkins. Three distinct sporting fashions are here seen displayed: the semi-masculine belted coat worn with a béret and scarf that match; the short fur coat which admirably harmonizes with breeches; and the straight tweed coat over the formal riding habit. Veils are optional

WITH THE COTTESMORE AT WILD'S LODGE, MELTON MOWBRAY: The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall and Mrs. Victor Gilpin. Mrs. Greenall wears a grey topper—a most unusual but very becoming mode for either sex—and a leather coat for driving, while Mrs. Gilpin sticks to the bowler and the fur coat. Veils are usual even in these days of short hair

WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S AT LINTHILL, LILLIESLEAF: Miss Ridell Carre, a friend, Lady Jane and Lady Susan Egerton. The daughters of Lord Ellesmere both ride side-saddle. The top-hat is much less popular than it used to be among women, but the bowler retains all its popularity

WITH THE WHADDON CHASE AT OLD BLETCHLEY: Mrs. Archie Maclaren in conventional riding habit and topper—she is one of the few women to retain the pre-war mode. The spaniel affects a chain instead of a leather lead. The stock is obligatory whatever the variations in habit or headgear

WOMEN BELOVED of the GODS

—And One who has Outlived the Divine Era of Good Fortune

"HAWAIIAN BUTTERFLY": Princess Ululani Nuihilial-kalani, niece of the last Queen of Hawaii, who sang the title rôle in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" at the Opéra Comique. She is the first of her race to star in Paris on the opera stage, and graduated thither from the Colonial Exhibition last summer

AN AERIAL PIONEER: Mrs. Weir, the wife of Air-Commodore the Hon. J. G. Weir, is the first woman to fly an auto-giro —a feat accomplished after 35 min. dual instruction

DEVOTEES OF BACCARAT: Three of the most modish visitors to Aix-les-Bains caught by the camera in that room of the casino where "Neuf à la Banque" sounds the death-knell of punters' hopes. The short cloak is pre-eminently fashionable, especially in a contrasting colour to the rest of the gown, while even the cloakless model on the right has such billowing sleeves as to give a cloak-like aspect to the ensemble. Black and white is the colour scheme of the moment

IN SEARCH OF THE MISSING LINK: Lady Broughton, the wife of Sir Delves Broughton, leaves Croydon Aerodrome for the Belgian Congo in search of gorilla from the Ituri Forest which, she believes, may provide the clue to the long-sought missing link in the history (according to Darwin) of man's descent from the anthropoid ape

MLLE. MILA CIRUL, the Russian prima ballerina of the Berlin State Opera House, created a furore in Paris, where she gave a recital at the Théâtre Montparnasse. She is seen dancing her "Tango Passionné"

AND BY WAY OF CONTRAST: Katharine Lucille Foote, once a star of the stage, and now a seller of matches day in and day out in all weathers at the entrance to "The Sphere" offices. She was thrice married, once to a nephew of a Lord Mayor. She was in the "Titanic" tragedy, and has crossed the Atlantic twenty-nine times

A picturesque corner of Spitz, a village on the banks of the Danube, redolent of the charm of the Middle Ages

Along the banks of the river there are monasteries and churches, fine houses and gateways, incarnating the vigorous spirit of the Renaissance

The ruined castles and rocky cliffs recall the Rhine. Typical of them is Greifenstein

Schonbuhel presents a typical aspect of the Danube in the Wachau—the narrow reaches of the river above Vienna, whose hillsides are one continuous orchard. The Danube is often tawny as the Tiber

The little village of Weissenkirchen (White Churches) is known as the artists' nest. It boasts a fine church and innumerable courtyards

Aggstein, one of the ruined castles of the Danube, was once inhabited by a gang of robber knights who levied toll on passing ships

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE

Art and literature flourished in the olden days along the banks of the Danube. Its monasteries are to-day storehouses of priceless treasures, and the woodlands resounded long ago to the triumphal march of Kriemhild on her way to Attila's court. The Danube byways are thus immortalized in the *Nibelungenlied*, the greatest of German epics. But the hosts of war have vanished. The river reflects only magnificent cloisters, wonderful baroque churches and squares, with the spirit of the artist builders still upon them.

WINTER IMPERIALLY OUTSIDE THE EMPIRE IN TANGIER

An International Area, Served by British Ships and British Hotels, Offering Unusual Advantages

By PATRICK TURNBULL

Despite the fact that the English coast is being boomed so much as a winter resort, there are many who find that continued days of sunshine and, above all, change of environment are necessary for their health, and the shores of these islands, however beautiful and secluded, cannot provide these essential factors. At the moment the patriot seems to be confronted with the problem of distance, for cruises do not suit many, and it is a far cry to Egypt, Madeira, and the West Indies—the nearest of Britain's possessions.

Few people appear to realize, however, that within four days of Southampton lies one of the most charming spots on the globe—namely Tangier. The town itself and the surrounding country lie in an international zone, and so, by travelling in a British ship and staying in a British hotel, the visitor is doing as much to support the pound as if he wintered in Sidmouth or Torquay.

This corner of Morocco is a land of brilliant sunshine, of warm days and cool nights. In fact, it has been described by a famous doctor as possessing the most perfect climate in the world. Moreover, it will afford a change of surroundings more complete than any part of Europe, for it is one of the most unspoilt districts in the world.

In these days of organized tours on land and sea by luxurious liners and motor coaches, nearly all the beauty spots are gradually developing into show places, supported only for the benefit of the tourist. Algiers and Biskra swarm with wealthy New Yorkers and Parisians, Cairo and the Pyramids suffer in a similar manner, and even India—Benares and the frigid Khyber Pass—have not escaped the long arm of Thomas Cook. But Morocco seems for the moment to have been passed by. This land still preserves the stately dignity and fatalism of the proud Moorish race. The mosques are not show places, but are forbidden to Christians, and the European is treated with courtesy but indifference

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

The majority of the steamers from Great Britain arrive at Tangier in the early morning, and if it is a normal, clear day the first view of Morocco is one of extreme beauty. The city of white and blue is built on the side of a hill, and the mass of flat roofs is pierced here and there by the spidery minarets of the mosques. To the east lies a vast tumbled mass of rolling hill country, somewhat similar to the North-West Frontier of India. On the horizon

A NATIVE INTERIOR: The peaceful and dusky courtyard of an Arab house in Tangier during the siesta hour. Tangier is a resort enabling those who want to winter outside the Empire to support British endeavour

ERE OF TRAVEL

A HOLIDAY PARADISE: A composite picture of Tangier. On the right is the Sokko Grande and on the left, dominating the city, is the minaret whence comes the cry of the Muezzin, blind that he may see no woman

are the rocky mountains where the fierce Riff tribesmen have their home, and standing out clearly is the famous Mountain of Apes, which forms the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar. These magnificent mountain ranges show to some extent why this country has escaped the spread of Westernism. It seems incredible that here, only four days from Southampton, is a land more Eastern and more reminiscent of the *Arabian Nights* than the greater part of the Far East or Arabia.

On landing in Tangier one is struck by the colourful life of the city, by the men in their cloaks of many colours and the women in veils and striped skirts of vivid hues. There is all the noise and bustle of the East but, unlike so many places, one is not pestered by an army of guides. The streets of the town are steep and even the main thoroughfares are extremely narrow, until halfway up the hill the Sokko Grande, or main market square of the city, is reached.

On the Sokko Grande a fascinating vista of Moorish life unfolds itself. Beneath leafy tamarind trees squat the fruit merchants surrounded by melon, pomegranates, prickly pears, and grapes. A seething mass of humanity moves sluggishly to and fro—for no one is in a hurry in Tangier—gossiping, and very occasionally making a small purchase.

A sudden banging of a native drum sounds from a far corner of the square, a rhythmic throbbing beat—it is the entertainers' corner. Seated on the ground is a story-teller. Around him an interested crowd. His method of rhetoric is dramatic. He gesticulates wildly, and at the finish of every sentence he bangs on his drum to emphasize its significance.

And near him is the snake-charmer, a wild man with a straggling beard and unkempt hair. Two musicians keep up a monotonous beat of the drums, while the charmer holds in his hands two writhing snakes. He fastens them on to the end of his tongue and on to his nose and, since he is also a born actor, he appears to suffer the most horrible agonies. However, there is no need to fear for his safety, as the snakes have been so starved that there is no strength left in them and they are powerless in his hands.

On the summit of the hill and overlooking the Bay of Tangier is the Kasbah or ancient fortress where the Moorish pirates lived and terrorized the merchants in the days of the Tudors. A huge wall surrounds the fortress, pierced by massive gates. Less than twenty years ago the heads of criminals adorned these gates on the Moslem sabbath as a warning to the townsfolk to keep the law.

Inside the Kasbah are the Law Courts, the mosque, the prison, and an inner fortress. The inner fortress is now a café. Through a garden of orange trees, oleanders and date palms one can ascend to the flat roof, from which there is a wonderful view of the Bay of Tangier, the coast of Spain and Gibraltar, as well as the miles of hill country to the South. It is a superb place of vantage and ideal for pirates, since, on a clear day, every ship entering or leaving the Mediterranean can be seen with the naked eye.

The mosque cannot be entered, for the Moslem guards his religion zealously. Five times a day the *muezzin* climbs to the tower and calls the people to prayer. The *muezzin* is blind and has a lovely voice—two essentials for one of his calling. A beautiful voice so that his call may attract the faithful; blind, so that, although he looks over the city roofs, he may not see the women. His call can be heard all over the city, and in the still hours of the early morning it is an unforgetable joy to hear the final high pitched "Allah akbar" sung with a voice which any operatic tenor might well envy.

The prison is a grim-looking building of white stone, which bears a sinister reputation. The Sultans of Morocco did not temper justice with mercy, and a prisoner who had no friends simply starved to death in his chains and his body rotted on the floor of his dungeon.

From the Kasbah it is possible to walk through the Arab town. This consists of a baffling maze of narrow streets. Houses almost meet overhead and in many places it is not possible to walk two abreast. Laden donkeys plodding doggedly along add to the difficulty of progress. There are Arab cafés hung with Moorish ornaments, where the bearded Arabs recline on divans drinking thick coffee or mint tea, while from the interior comes the haunting sound of Moorish music. Native shops, crammed with ornaments, open on to the street, but the proprietors sleep blissfully and the idea of theft does not seem to enter their heads.

The Arab town merges into the Mellah, or Jewish quarter, easily distinguished by the black robes and black skullcaps of the Jews, clothes which they are forced to wear by order of the Sultan. The streets are wider, and soon the town takes on that cosmopolitan complexion which is one of the fascinations of the European quarter. The main streets are full of open-air cafés, and the crowd composed of all nationalities is given added colour by the presence of the Moors.

At a distance of two miles from the Sokko Grande and past the Spanish Legation is the "Monte," a big hill overlooking Tangier, where, besides the Sultan's palace, are many villas built by resident Europeans. The "Monte" is extremely healthy and also very pretty, being covered with eucalyptus trees and bamboo plantations. In the villa gardens grow pomegranate and orange trees, forming brilliant splashes of colour when the fruit ripens. One or two small native villages cluster on the lower slopes and these, surrounded by hedges of cactus, form a charming contrast to the gleaming white villas above, which suggest the French Riviera.

For those who, being unused to the East, find that the city of Tangier is too crowded and the native life too noisy, the "Monte" is an ideal spot.

But whether the study of the ways of the Arabs is of interest to the visitor or not, a walk round the Arab city at night is a thing that everyone should do. The noise has gone; the crowds have vanished. Instead, the narrow streets are dimly lit by flares and through the openings between the roofs a few stars twinkle. There is an undeniable sense of mystery in the air as one walks along these dark passages, past buildings from which there comes no sound, and in whose windows there is no light. Occasionally in some arched and tiled Moorish doorway, adorned with the lucky hand of Fatma, sits a shrouded figure, closely enveloped in his flowing cloak. Sometimes a sound of chanting comes from one of the houses, breaking the monotonous stillness of the night. It is difficult to believe that it is really the twentieth century.

And when all the places of interest have been visited, the sea-coast of Tangier is almost perfect for bathing. Along the shore is a vast stretch of sand which slopes gradually, so that there is no danger even for the weakest swimmer. The water, although warm, still retains a slight chill from the Atlantic to make it bracing and invigorating; while a glance at those who have been some weeks in Tangier, will prove that as a sun-bathing resort it is practically unrivalled.

THE CITY ON THE EQUATOR

The Sixth of a Series of Short Articles Describing Life on Board and Ports of Call Encountered on an Ocean Cruise

My first glimpse of Singapore was the best.

I looked down from the deck of the liner and saw, far below, a band of brightly-clad coolies dragging a truck between the bales and crates on the wharf. As they worked in the scorching sunlight, they chanted a doleful shanty. It was a song of many verses, sung by a leader who walked in front, and the refrain, repeated after every line, was a monotonous three-note cadence in which all joined. Though the words may not have been in the politest language, the tune had all the weird melancholy of the Volga Boat Song, of the old shanties that sailors used to sing as they worked the capstans in the days before ships were great mechanisms.

It is ambiguous to refer to the natives of Singapore, for this great cosmopolitan seaport and naval base swarms with people of every nationality and colour under the sun. The Malays (dark brown, sturdy, turbaned rogues) are the true indigenous inhabitants, and they are far more interesting than the Chinese, Japanese, Arabs, and others who feed upon the city.

The modernism of Singapore is amazing. The hotels, post office, museum, and government buildings seem to be brand new. There are trams without rails — the only ones we saw in the Far East except Shanghai.

Singapore is the only city in my ken that is blessed with angelic policemen. Each native traffic cop possesses a pair of wings strapped to his back to save him the effort of waving his arms.

On the bund, where the wide esplanade runs over a bridge, there is a pavilioned cricket ground as large as the Green Park, and one could easily imagine oneself in Europe were it not for the people and the rickshas in the streets. In fact, we felt so uncomfortably at home that we hailed a taxi and ordered ourselves to be driven away to see a little Malayan local colour.

There is a drive round the Gap that no tourist should miss. We left the city viâ the Chinese quarter, which was the same thing we had seen in Shanghai and Manila, and sped out through a primitive suburb of grass and mud huts on a steep and winding road to the rubber plantations. The rubber tree is a very ordinary looking plant. We thought at first it was a silver birch. Our driver very obligingly stabbed one with his pen knife, and we saw the sap oozing out through the gash like blood from a wound. Very quickly the white paste solidified, and when we tried to pull it away from the bark, it stretched out a foot or more and then broke away with a snap. At the foot of each tree is a little wooden cup like the half of a cocanut, which collects the rubber as it drips.

Our cars suddenly swerved off the road on to a drive that looked as if it led to some great mansion. At the top of a flight of grass steps the driver stopped and invited us to go down to a conservatory below, where native boys were busy watering plants.

"Botanical Gardens," he told us, "very nice!"

And very nice they were. We saw trees, shrubs, and blossoms of every variety in the world—even monkey puzzles and a bed of roses.

As we speeded through the gardens we saw suddenly right in our path a hundred small apes playing and scrambling in a furry mass. The chauffeur jammed on his brakes and we reached for our cameras, but it was too late — they had vanished like gnomes into the forest on each side.

For an hour we stalked them, trying to snap them, but the negatives show what meagre success we had. The little brown imps would sit on branches far above our heads mocking us, and when we turned our backs they would come down and follow in a battalion. But at the jerk of a head they would be off again and all we would see would be two mischievous eyes peeping round the edge of a giant leaf.

In the evening we dropped in at one of the most famous hotels in the Far East and watched a ball in progress. The crowded floor was typical of Singapore and its population. Along with the white jackets and shoulders of the Europeans were the turbanned heads and jewelled robes of high caste Malays, Indians and their consorts, and the rich drapery of wealthy Chinese. Yellow, brown, olive, sunburnt and pallid faces, all sliding round to the languid rhythm of a Blues—a union of the parallel lines of East and West.

Ewing Galloway

A HOT SPOT OF THE EAST: A vista of the Singapore River with its many sampans. It skirts the business district of the Malay metropolis

PRECIOUS GIFTS

Let Silver and Jewels be Your Messengers of Christmas Cheer; they are Commodities that Retain their Value for All Time and Never Pall

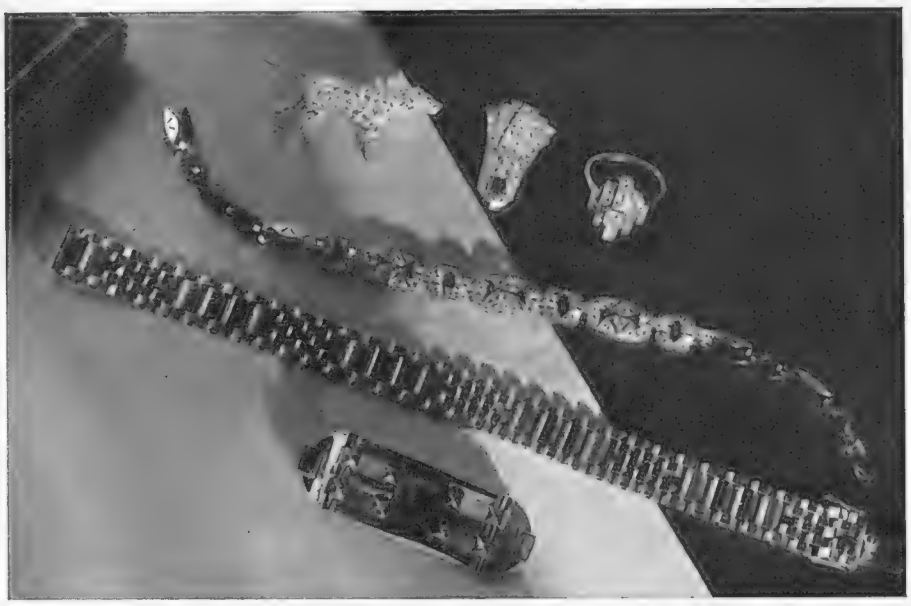
Pictures by Millar Harris

A room in one of the most famous jewel houses in London in which are to be found many priceless heirlooms containing stones of incomparable value. The illustration shows a purchaser making a selection from a collection of radiant pearl necklaces. Wm. Ogden, King Street, St. James'

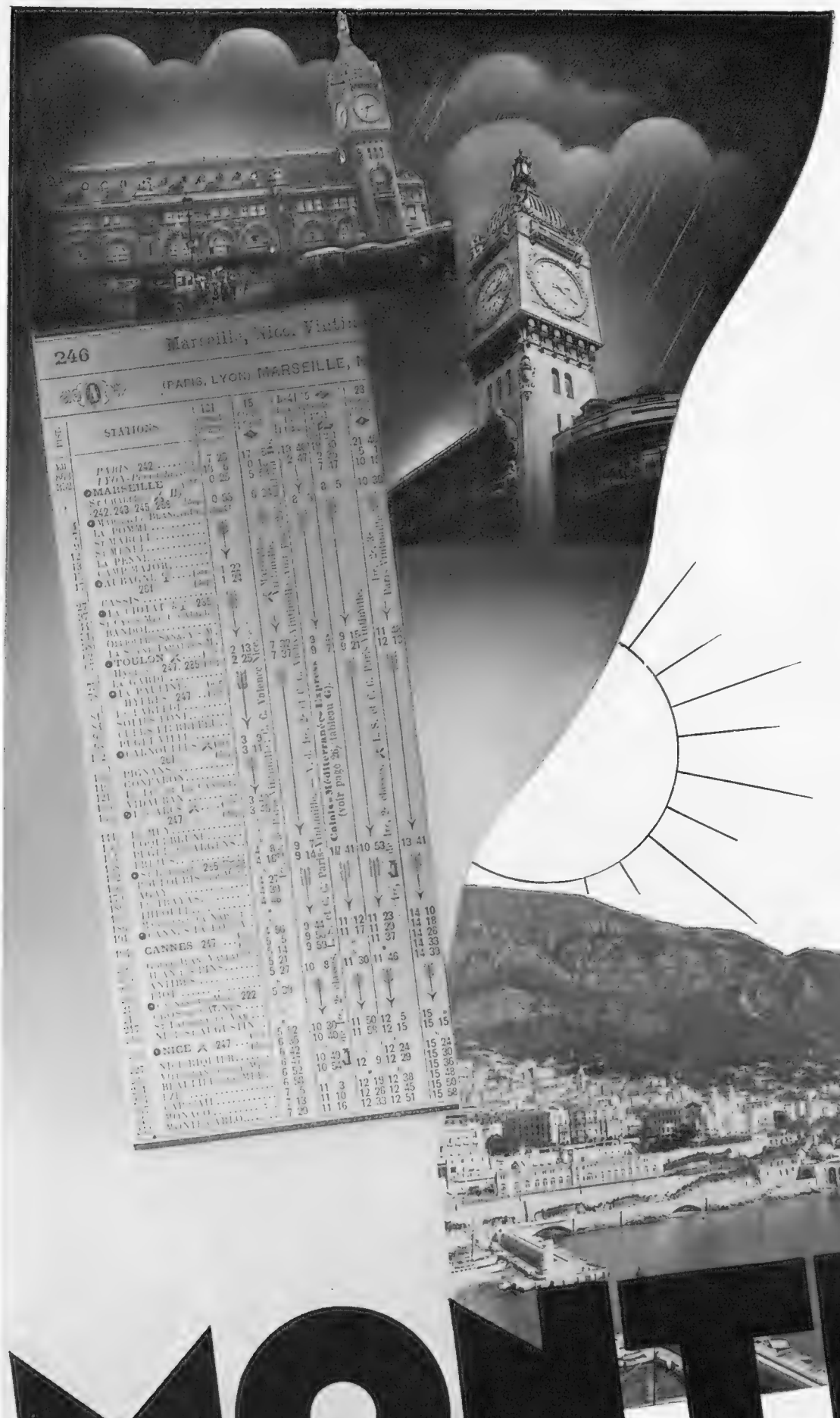
Some beautiful examples of modern jewellery, including an exquisite pearl necklace with a new form of clasp, which also makes an attractive ornament for the back of the neck. The pearl and diamond brooch is a new design and the pearl itself has a lovely rosy sheen. Mappin and Webb

In this collection of jewellery a charming necklace of jade and pearls is shown. Two tourmaline rings—one green, and one pink—are also shown, and the ear-rings on the right have exceptionally fine sapphires and diamonds. The watch on the left is set in diamonds and the one on the right in sapphires and diamonds. Wilson and Gill

A group of exquisite modern silver designed by the Danish craftsman, Georg Jensen, who is well-known as one of the foremost present-day artists. The London showrooms are situate at 15b, New Bond Street



At the top of this illustration is shown a delightful hat ornament—a diamond pointer brooch, also a clip-on brooch, and a diamond and platinum ring. One bracelet is of diamonds and platinum, the other is in three-coloured gold, whilst another brooch is white and yellow gold and lapis. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company



What Weather!
Rain, Mist, deserted streets.

Oh, if only we were at Monte Carlo enjoying the blue sky, the palm-trees and terraces in the sunshine, your beloved tennis and golf.

And those Monte Carlo nights, throbbing with light under the starry sky.

What is holding us back here?
Nothing—we are free.

The Calais-Mediterranean leaves Paris at 7.40 p.m.

When does it reach Paradise?
At 12.33 p.m.

The time-table is the finest book in the world.

Shall we go?

LET'S GO!

MONTE CARLO

HAVAS

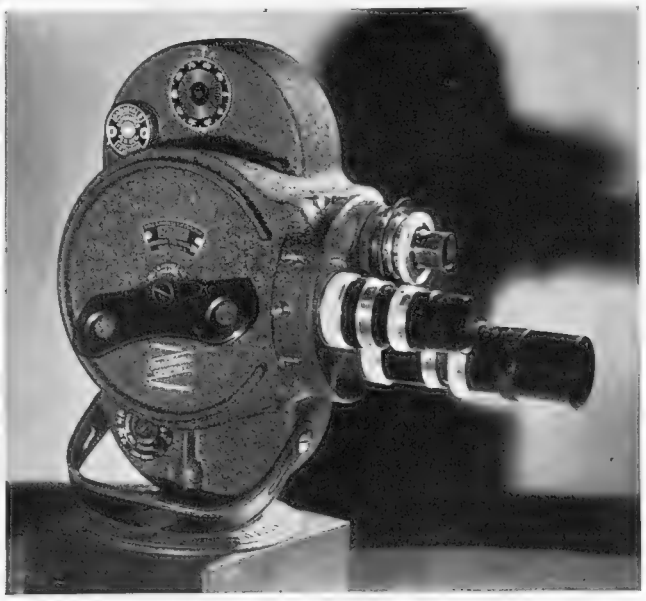
PRESENTS THAT PLEASE

One of the most acceptable of gifts is a bottle of Cointreau; it has a delicate orange flavour and lacks excessive sweetness. It is made by the world-famous firm, Cointreau of Angers, and imported to this country by W. Glendenning and Sons

A pure Cognac brand is not only useful for entertaining, but it is also invaluable for any emergency that may arise in the home in cases of illness. Martell's Brandy

Here is a present that the practical-minded housewife would assuredly welcome. A case of bottles of Schweppes' mineral waters obtainable in various sizes

McCallum's Perfection Scots Whisky is one of the oldest blends on the market dating back to 1807. For Christmas presents handy cases containing one, two, three, six, or twelve bottles are available



The Filmo 70D Camera produced by Bell and Howell after twenty-four years' experience in ciné-camera manufacture. Every condition of speed, light, and distance has been anticipated and provided for in its construction

Difficulties of packing and despatch are efficiently solved by Messrs. Dewar by having their famous "White Label" whisky packed in seasonably decorated cardboard cartons

This light portable gramophone has a durable leather case and black nickel corner protectors. The lid holds a record album which is automatically released by a spring clip. Fitted with a new type of winding key the Decca Gramophone costs £3 12s. 6d.

Pictures by Millar Harris

A wireless set as a Christmas gift is sure to receive great applause. Here, the "Pye" radio is placed upon a table, which has a draw-out flap containing a chart and specially grooved legs to disguise unsightly wires. Wilson and Gill, Regent Street

A reliable all-electric three-valve receiving set by Kolster Brandes, fitted with a moving coil loud speaker. The cabinet is finished in walnut. Provided the location is suitable, and a good external aerial is erected, anything from thirty to forty stations may be tuned in

THE SUCCESSFUL COMPROMISE

SOME years ago an eminent man got married. He had never visited our Regent Street shop, but in other respects he was exceptionally well informed. In fact, his only real failure in life had been his clothes.

He had always chosen magnificent patterns for his suits. His ties were generally impressive. His shirts frequently alluring. But he went so far as to admit that the final effect had always left something to be desired—and his wife went much further. So one day she decided to take the situation in hand.

She began by comparing the appearance of her lord and master with the various dashing and purposeful young men who appear in so many Austin Reed advertisements. He admitted that the comparison was exceptionally odious, but insisted that they represented a ridiculous aspiration for a man of his type—built for safety rather than speed. Eventually his wife told him to *try* Austin Reed's. He stoutly maintained that such matters were entirely outside her sphere and said he wouldn't. So they agreed to compromise. And that was how he came to Austin Reed's.

He was delighted with the experiment. He had never realised that there was a shop in the world that had ready-tailored clothes for men of every conceivable plan and elevation. For the first time in his life he was able to see what each suit looked like as a suit before he decided to buy it. In the same building he was able to get hats, shirts, ties and socks that went perfectly with each suit. There was no question of hoping for the best. Guided by experts, he got it. He was delighted with the service, and his wife is charmed with the results.

In fact, they now both admit quite frankly that, compared with him, the young men in the advertisements are really rather dull.

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

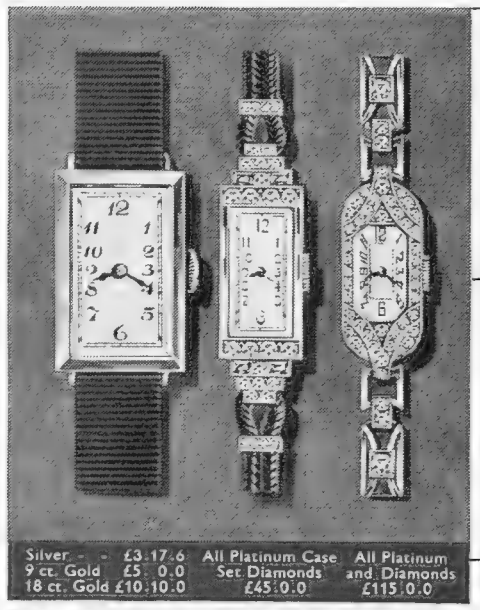
103-113 Regent Street, London, W.1

Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Belfast

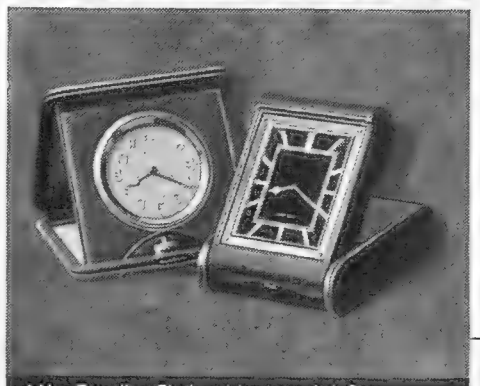
SX 1931 AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Gift Suggestions

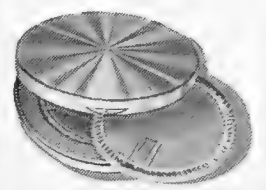


Silver - - £3.17.6 | All Platinum Case Set Diamonds £45.0.0 | All Platinum and Diamonds £115.0.0
9 ct. Gold £5. 0.0
18 ct. Gold £10.10.0

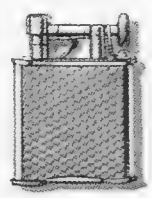


A New Travelling Clock with luminous dial. Size 3" × 4½". Morocco or Pigskin - - - £5.10.0
With Alarm - - - - - - - £6.15.0
Crocodile or Lizard - - - - - £7. 0.0
With Alarm - - - - - - - £8. 5.0
Date Clock. The day of the month, which is indicated by a figure on the dial, changes automatically at midnight. In Morocco - - £3.5.0

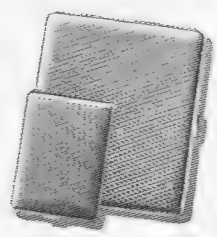
Dressing Case in polished Pigskin, with Mirror in Lid, fitted with Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel and glass Toilet Requisites. Size closed 12" × 9½" × 2¾" £23.10.0



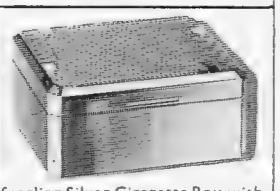
Sterling Silver-gilt mounted and Enamel Vanity Case with Sifter for loose powder, with Mirror in lid. Various Colours, £1.10.0



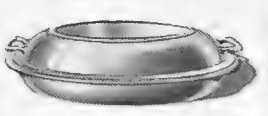
Sterling Silver Engine-turned Pocket Lighter - - - £1. 5.0
9 ct. Gold - - - - £10.10.0



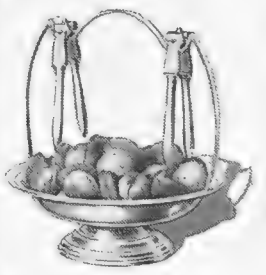
Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Cigarette Case
3½ × 2½" - - - £1. 7.6
3½ × 3½" - - - £1.15.0
3½ × 3¾" - - - £2. 5.0
4¼ × 3¼" - - - £2.10.0
Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Tear-off Match Case - 15.0



Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, with engine-turned lid, lined cedar
Length 4" £2.10.0, 5½" £3. 7.6
6½" £4. 5.0



Regent Plate Entree Dish, with Cover. Length 11" - £2.10.0
The lid forms an extra dish



Regent Plate Nut Dish with 2 pairs of Nut Crackers - £1.15.0

Please write for New Gift Suggestion Folder

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GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD
112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
Corner of Glasshouse St.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

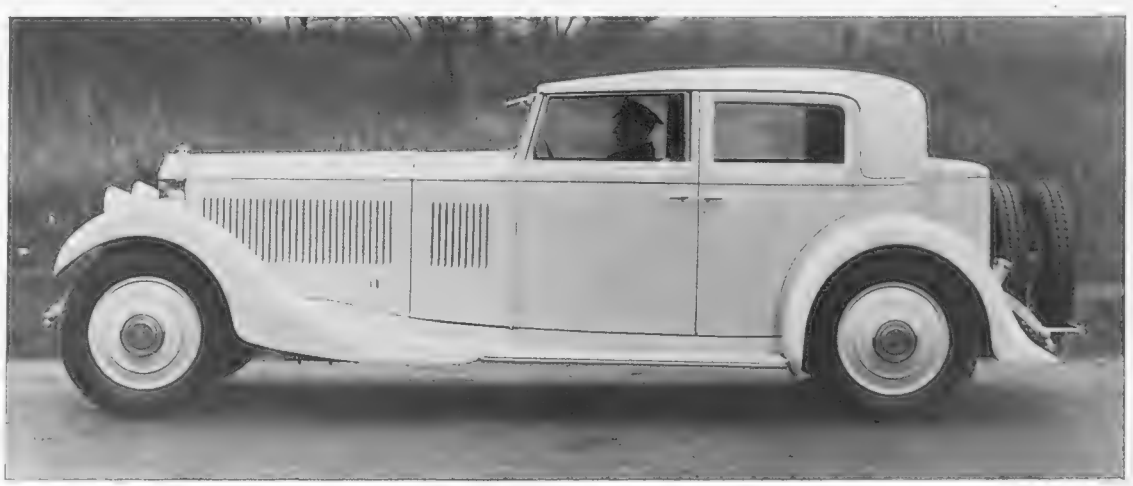
(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

DRIVING IN SNOW.—Last week in my notes I referred to the difficulties of driving in fog. This week I wish to touch on another problem of the winter driver, namely, how to keep moving safely when snow and ice abound. In the south of England we have not yet been confronted with these winter visitations to any alarming extent, but it is fairly certain that before Easter Monday comes round next year we shall have to plough our way through snow and slide along over ice. In the higher parts of Scotland and Wales motorists are well advised to put chains round their wheels, but in most parts of England, particularly in the South, the occasions are very few when such precautions are really necessary. I find, however, that if the ground has just a coating of snow a surprising number of drivers come out with the rear wheels of their cars shod with chains. This is quite absurd, and if the motorist really understood what he was doing he would, I think, carry on like a normal being without chains. Chains can and do cause considerable damage to a car unless properly fitted, and from my experience only about five per cent. are ever applied in this manner. Makers of chains inform us that they must be put on so that they are loose and so that the wheels can revolve slightly relatively to the encircling chain. That is quite all right, but there is a degree of looseness which should not be exceeded, for when that degree is passed damage is done to the mudguards or wings of the car and to the sides of the coachwork. If the chains are too tight they definitely cut into the tyre and cause damage that way.

I suppose I motor every year over more miles than are covered by the average individual, and I can honestly state that only on one occasion have I been stuck in snow and yet I have never used a chain. I must add that all my mileage during the winter time has been covered in the southern part of England. On more than one occasion I have found myself in difficulties when motoring near the Midlands, but the car has always extricated itself from the snow after I twined a rope round the wheel and tyre. When snow is about, a coil of rope, not too thick and not too thin, is quite a useful spare to carry.

A FROZEN ROAD.—Ice is a more tricky opponent to tackle. After all snow is visible and the sight of it immediately puts the driver on the defensive. On the other hand, ice provides us with a lurking danger which we may not discover until we have been trapped. I have seen more accidents during a drive of fifteen miles on an ice-bound road than I have in a normal year under ordinary conditions. My very stern advice to all readers is to proceed with what some people might term unnecessary caution if ice is known to be about. When the thermometer goes down to this extent it is almost quicker to walk, for the danger is not that of an ordinary skid but of one where none of the four wheels has any adhesion to the road surface. At such times the driver is completely helpless and the danger which awaits him depends entirely on the speed at which he is travelling. I have taken almost two hours to cover twenty miles when the road on which I travelled was frozen.

Three cars on the occasion to which I allude passed me, but I still got to London before them because, as I went slowly along, I found two of them upside down in ditches, and one minus two wheels stranded by the roadside. When I am driving over icy roads I always keep both of my near-side wheels in the left-hand gutter. There is usually a certain amount of grit and dirt collected on this part of the road which helps progress considerably. This precaution is doubly advisable when descending a hill, for it is on a gradient that ice can produce the greatest damage. I have seen motor cars travelling over ice with the rear wheels enclosed in chains. Unless the ice is wet and more or less on the point of melting I cannot agree that chains give much assistance. From what I have said I do not wish readers to imagine that chains are completely useless. I have had far too much experience overseas not to realize that there are climatic and natural conditions which will make the fitting of chains absolutely essential. If snow is definitely thick, such as is encountered in some parts of England and Scotland, the motorist might just as well stay at home as go out without chains.



THE LINES OF BREED: An exceptionally smart Cabriolet-de-Ville body by Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., mounted on a "Phantom II" Rolls-Royce short Continental chassis. The panelling of the body extends right round the built-in trunk at the rear. The car was built to the special order of Sir Ronald Gunter, Bart., and supplied through Messrs. Kevill-Davis and March

UNCONTROLLABLE SKIDS.—Reverting once more to the question of ice, I would like to point out that the greatest danger of all is encountered on a day when most of the road

(Continued on p. 466)

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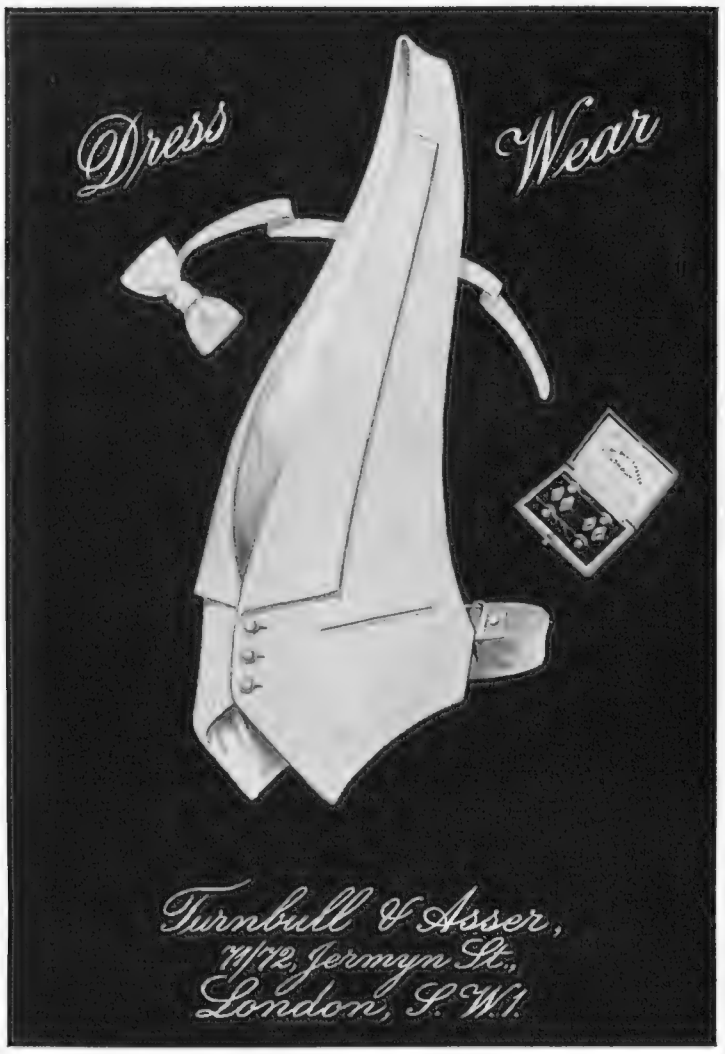

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Aldwych

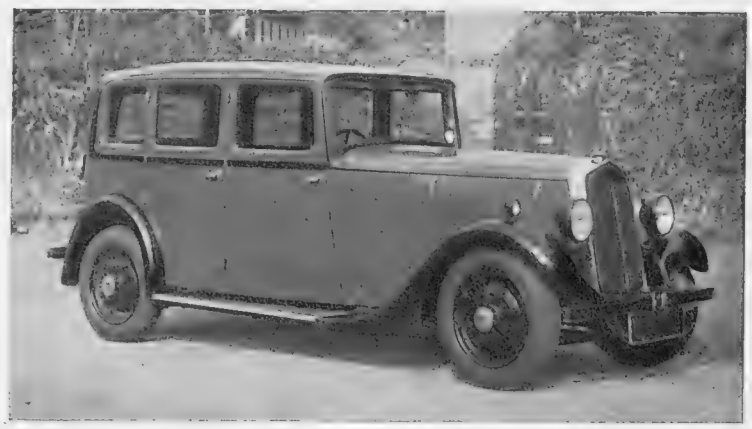
surface has thawed but patches are still covered with ice where the shadows of trees lie across the road.

Mile after mile is covered where the surface is obviously soft and the motorist, though he may have set out with caution, is lulled into a false sense of security and lets the car glide along at its usual speed. Without noticing anything a sheltered patch of road where no thaw has set in is met. The car travelling at forty miles an hour is asked to incline slightly left or right according to the curve, or some obstacle may arise which necessitates the sudden application of the brakes, and round goes the car in a perfectly uncontrollable skid. If there is nothing else on the road and the car does not topple over by striking the kerb nothing very serious may happen, but in nine cases out of ten the driver is not so lucky, either he or his car suffers.

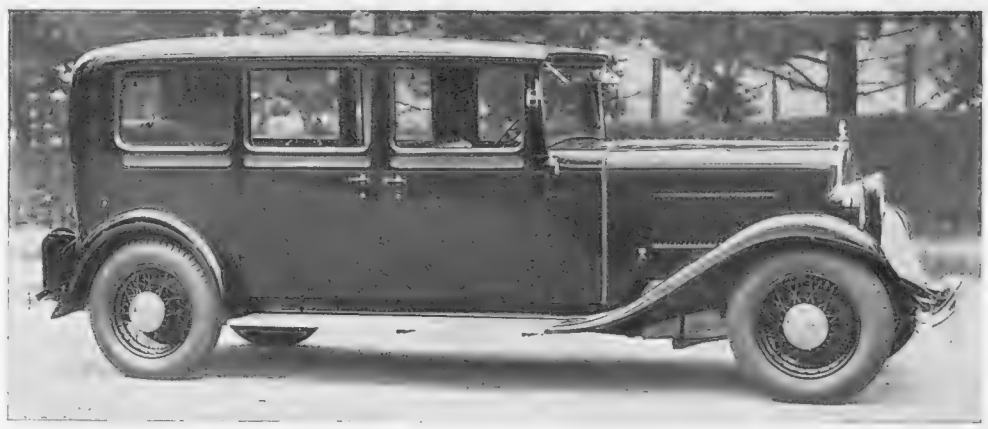
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AMBITIOUS.—Technical courses which students are actually paid to attend are a prominent feature of the works organization in the Pressed Steel Company's factory at Oxford, where steel bodywork and panels for Morris, Austin, Wolseley, Hillman, Rover, and M.G. cars are manufactured. Right in the middle of the works is a well-equipped lecture hall where classes are held not only in the evenings, but also during working hours. Students in the day classes may obtain time off on full pay, while standard wages are also paid to those who attend classes after working hours. With the help of the instruction given at this school, unskilled and semi-skilled workmen can train themselves for skilled jobs—and better pay—in the factory. They may have to wait their opportunity, but when vacancies occur the men who have gone through the school receive first preference. To encourage co-operation between specialized departments, there are courses in works management. The men are shown how their various jobs fit in with each other. The system of costing, for instance, is explained in detail so that no individual operative may fail to understand the importance of saving time, labour, and material. Instructional films are shown and there are frequent lectures on safety.

The Petrol World—(cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



THE NEWEST LANCHESTER: This 15–18-h.p. model is the first car of medium size and price to be fitted with the wonderful Daimler fluid flywheel transmission and self-changing four-speed gearbox. The price of the Saloon illustrated above is £565



THE LARGEST AUSTIN: The "Ranelagh" Saloon, which is famed for its elegance and comfort. The chassis has an 11 ft. 4 in. wheel-base, and when it is necessary to bring the occasional seats into operation there is still ample room for the seven people who can be accommodated. The R.A.C. rating is 23·5 h.p.

ALL-BRITISH SAFETY GLASS.—Thanks to recent research in the British glass and celluloid industries, safety glass for motor wind-screens and windows will eventually be made entirely of British raw materials. The glass is now to be manufactured in Lancashire, whilst a committee headed by Dr. Hepworth of Imperial Chemical Industries has for the last two years been investigating the possibility of manufacturing the right type of celluloid in this country. This committee has carried out experiments in different parts of the country. Nitro-cotton has been produced at Ardeer and Stevenston in Ayrshire. The celluloid itself has been made at Manningtree in Essex, and the completed product has been tested in the Triplex laboratories at King's Norton, Birmingham. "Although we are quite satisfied with the quality of foreign materials," said Mr. Graham Cunningham, managing director of the Triplex Company, "we wish, if we possibly can, to obtain our supplies at home—provided the quality is satisfactory. We are prepared to pay higher prices; but as a matter of fact, British materials will probably cost no more than those produced abroad."

"MIST"-IFICATIONS.—An Automobile Association patrol during the recent dense fog overtook a convoy of motorists guided by a horse-drawn lorry, "all on the extreme offside of the road." He guided the convoy to its proper side, and assumed the responsibility of leader. All went well for a mile, until reaching the outskirts of a town. Here the street lighting only added to the confusion. At this point, on looking round, he was dismayed to find his followers nowhere in sight. The patrol turned back to find an extraordinary state of affairs. One motorist had taken the red light on a street refuge for a car in front, and had gone to the extreme offside of the road. The second driver had turned with the kerb into a factory yard, where he and his ten companions had come to a standstill. Another driver had become detached from the convoy, and was following the kerb round a nearby residential square. The A.A. patrol re-formed his "squadron" and eventually reached safety. The distance covered was three miles, and it took exactly one hour thirty-five minutes.

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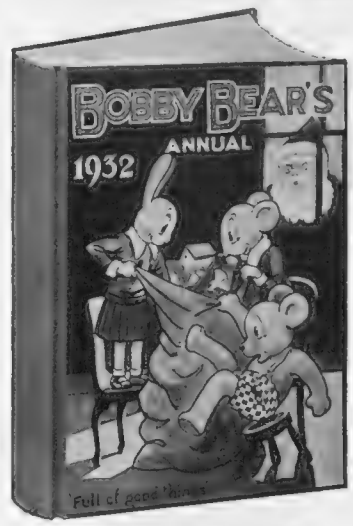

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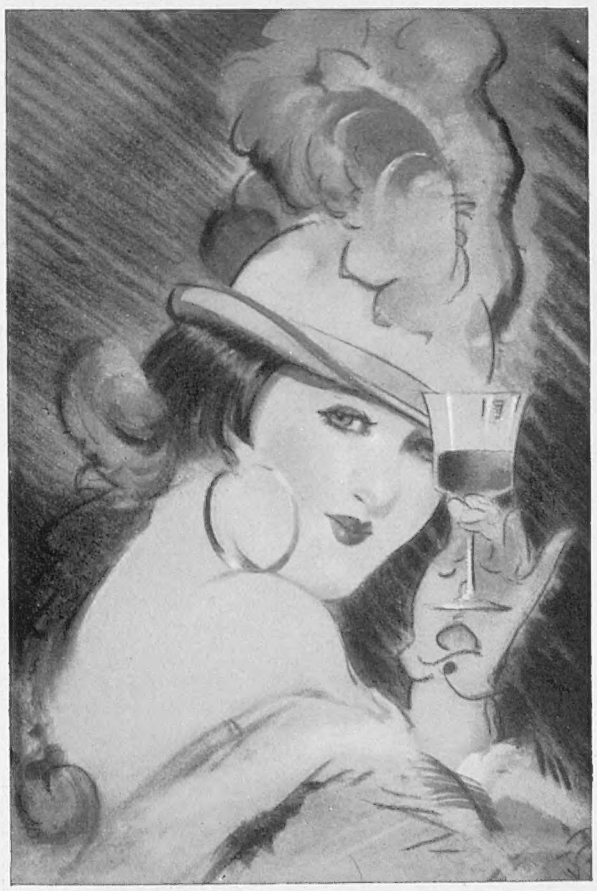

BECAUSE

it is full of jollity and joie de vivre, with D. B. Wyndham Lewis contributing a political pantomime which is admirable fun, and the author of "Juan in America," Eric Linklater, responsible for a daring satire of the Middle Ages, which will appeal to more than the middle aged.

Other famous writers at their best who contribute to this number are:

Ethel Mannin,
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as well as many other well-known authors who provide a feast of good reading.

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BOOKS—

(Continued from p. 454)

change his plate!" He was a dandy, he had the best-creased trousers in London, and there was a touch of the *flaneur* in the latter-day friend of kings and sportsmen. He entertained regally, he was probably the best-known and most-liked Englishman in the United States. He had charm, and King Edward felt it to such a degree that when he took him to Kiel with him he demanded that the Kaiser should make himself gracious to the tea magnate. The Kaiser refused, and charged King Edward with borrowing millions from his tea friend. But a shrewd mind like Prince von Bülow's saw the worth of Lipton—"who was neither stupid nor uninteresting."

Such was the influence of the later Lipton, but readers of *Leaves from the Lipton Logs* (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) will learn of another Lipton, a hard-working, level-headed man of business who made himself a millionaire before he was thirty and was the first to realize the power of advertising. As is sometimes true of advertisers he did not stop short of bad taste; he carved his name on the entrance to the Great Pyramid and, when a ship had to jettison her cargo, before sinking he painted "Drink Lipton's Teas" on as many bales and crates as he could cover in the time. But all this was only one expression of a man's enthusiasm for his business.

In *Capstan Bars* (Porpoise Press. 8s. 6d.), Captain David Bone has performed a melancholy service. Melancholy because he has preserved for us those songs, sung by the sailors as they manned the capstan, which have now died with the passing of the old sailing ships. This book contains some twenty-four sea chanties, words and music, with just those notes necessary regarding the origin and purpose of the songs. . . . "There cannot be a great many seamen in active service who have joined the shout in the working of the square sail. As one who has heard almost the last chanty sung in sailor manner on the wet deck of a ship at sea, I may be allowed to report on how the ropes were finally coiled down." It is a work for which we are grateful.

If you possess a John Crome you will want to have Mr. R. H. Mottram's book, *John Crome of Norwich* (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.). Here is the life of the painter, written by a Norwich man who loves the history of his town, and has patiently discovered all that can be known and related of the famous artist. You may now pay £1,000 for a good Crome; he once painted inn-signs for two. It is the old story.

Those who read *A Childhood*, by Hans Carossa, will remember that delightful little book. Here is the second volume, *Boyhood and Youth* (Secker. 6s.). It has the same quiet charm, the same extraordinary talent in making of the flimsiest incidents something significant in the growth of the mind. There is also that lovely background of the country bordering the Danube which the author presents so feelingly. There is nothing one can quote from this book, nothing that is easily tangible. It has the effect of soft music, evoking thought and soothing the mind. Here is the difficult age of adolescence delicately revealed, with no coarseness, no prudery.

The MEN *who* SPOIL YOUR BREAKFAST!

(Continued from p. 443)

If you saw Mr. Leonard Rees at the Carlton in the centre of an animated group of politicians, or at the Saville playing bridge—and as cheerful at the end of an unlucky evening as at the end of a lucky one—you would be astonished if anyone told you that he is in his mid-seventies, that he has celebrated his jubilee as a journalist, and that for thirty years or thereabouts he has been the active editor of *The Sunday Times*. Yet there it is. He wears his eyeglass with an air; he re-asserts his youth by golf at Sydenham; and his dapper figure moves briskly through the social world. I don't know if being born on Christmas Day gives one a double dose of hardiness, but that or something else gave him the capacity to get through an enormous lot of work in very little time.

Mr. Alan Sinclair, the editor of *The Sunday Graphic*, is just about my age, thirty-two, and is what you call a live wire. He has a battery of fountain pens full of different coloured inks, and dresses very smartly.

Mr. Will Stevenson is the editor of *The Daily Herald*, though it is difficult to think of that newspaper without visualizing Mr. John Dunbar, who is editor-in-chief of all the Odham Press. Mr. Dunbar is a grey-haired man with horn spectacles and hails from Dundee. He looks like a family solicitor, and you can tell at once that he is Scotch. Mr. Stevenson worked in a mine at the age of thirteen. To-day he looks very much like Sir William Morris. He went to Ruskin College at Oxford, and wears a dark blue shirt and a dark blue tie. In his early days he went to school with Freddy Welsh who, he says, was a backward boy and was always being punched. From Ruskin he went to Cambridge to study economics. But his health broke down and he turned to Labour journalism in West Wales. After twenty years of this he went in for religious journalism in Fleet Street. Later still he went into the Press Gallery and acted as press agent to the first Labour Government. He knows most of the Labour leaders from their boyhood days.

During the four and a half years when I was on *The Daily Mail* I had three editors. The first was Mr. W. G. Fish, a small, alert man with the C.B.E. and a gift for immediate decisions. The second was Mr. O. Pulvermacher, who was devoted to music and had one of the quickest minds I have ever met. The third was Mr. W. A. McWhirter, small, taciturn, and as Scottish as his name. He rather frightened me. It was under his editorship that I left *The Daily Mail*, and I have a great respect for him. The present editor of *The Daily Mail* is Mr. W. L. Warden. He was editor of the Paris *Daily Mail* during the period I was at Northcliffe House, and he holds the Legion of Honour, presented him recently by the French Ambassador. He talks faultless French and comes of a family of newspaper owners. He has a disconcerting habit of smiling in a way that deceives reporters into thinking that he is pleased, when he is not. He knows his Europe better than any other editor.

Mr. Arthur Watson, the editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, is the tallest editor in Fleet Street. He served in the Gunners during the War. He has the most finely modelled hands of almost any man I can recall. A surgeon would be proud of them. He regularly does a twelve-hour day, often lunching off a hard-boiled egg in the office at 4 p.m. He is an extremely thorough man, capable of doing an immense amount of work which in consequence he rarely delegates. He has a moustache and an elderly closed car in which he tours on the Continent in his spare time. He has a laugh which contains an element of snort in it.

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A very satisfactory report of the recent Diocesan Examination held on board the *Arethusa* has been received. The subject chosen for this year's work was "Service," and the Report speaks of the good knowledge and understanding of the boys, and also the clear way some of them had in expressing themselves. The Report ends with "The boys should be well equipped for the future in the spiritual side of their life by the instruction they are now receiving." This shows some of the results for good which the Society is doing for the less fortunate children of our Country, in giving them such a chance in life. Funds are much needed before the end of the year. Will you send a gift to help keep this work going? The address of the Headquarters of the Society is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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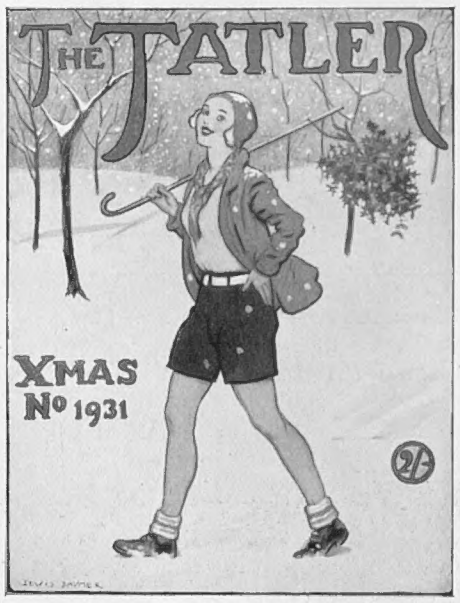

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